

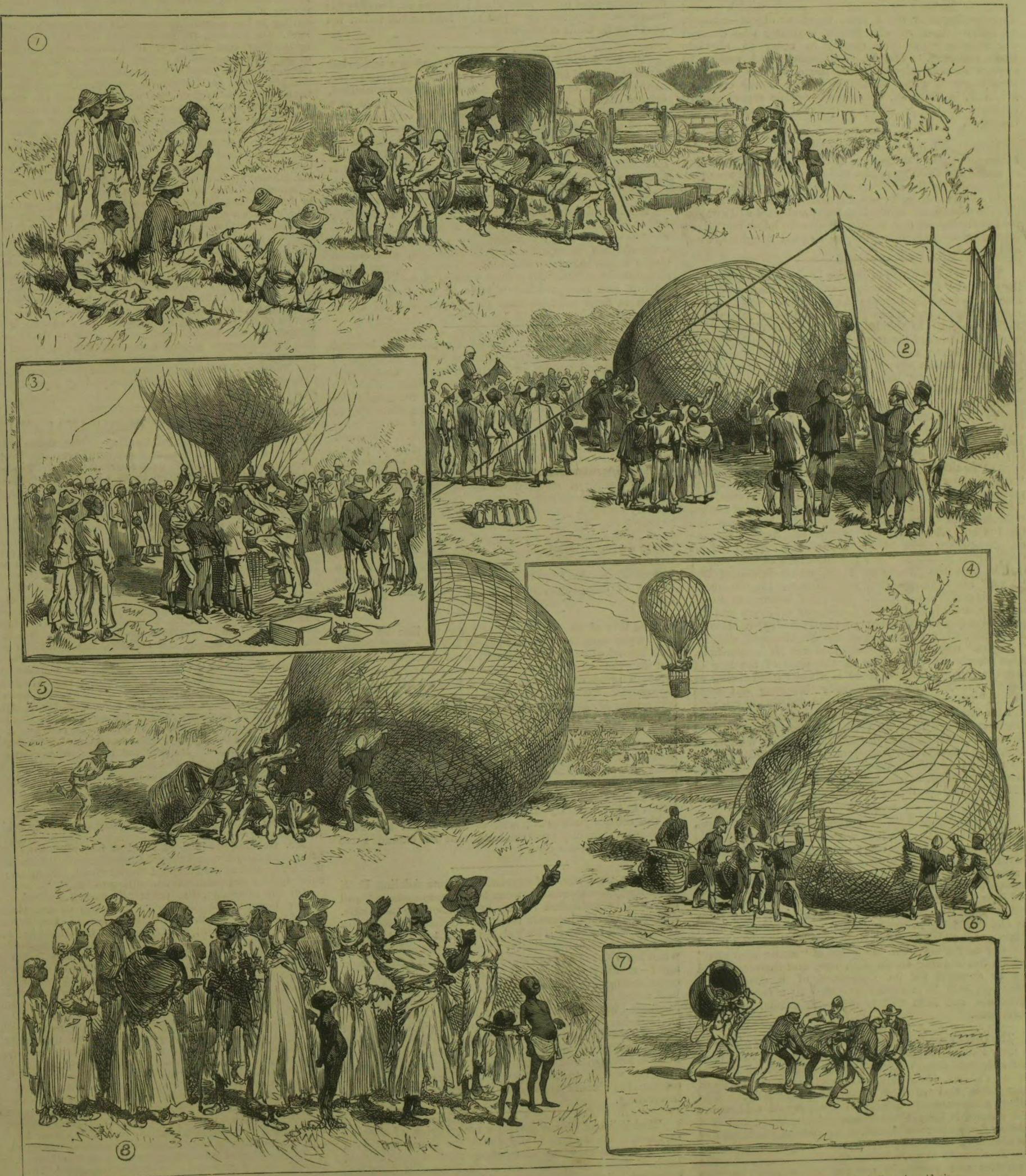
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND SIXPENCE.
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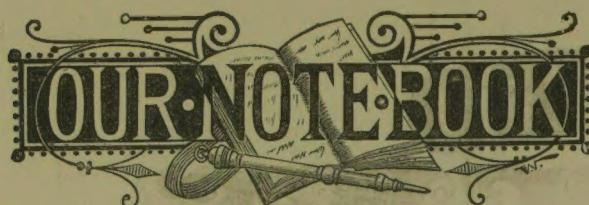
1. The balloon taken out of the wagon at Mafeking.
5. A catastrophe.

2. Putting the net over the balloon.
6. Expiring struggles.

3. The General about to enter the balloon car.
7. Collapse and decease: funeral procession.

4. The balloon in mid air.
8. The native spectators.

BALLOONING IN BECHUANALAND.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE, OF "METHUEN'S HORSE."



Ascot Week opened with one of those notable ceremonies which the Prince and Princess of Wales perform to perfection. The Prince and the Royal party, en route to Berkhamsted, halted at Virginia Water Station on Monday afternoon, in order that his Royal Highness might open the magnificent new Palace of Health close by—the Holloway Sanatorium. This superb red-brick building, constructed in the Early English Renaissance style after the design of the architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, has cost, with the finely-wooded estate on which it is erected, about £300,000. The beauty of the interior decoration surpasses expectation, the dwelling-rooms being adorned with charming taste, and the Chapel, Recreation Hall, and Refectory being radiantly magnificent. It was in the handsome Recreation Hall, brightened by a brilliant company of guests, that the Prince received the address from Mr. Martin-Holloway, and, in declaring the Holloway Sanatorium open, aptly said:—"Nobody possessed of great wealth could have employed it for a more excellent object—namely, to relieve those of our fellow creatures who demand our assistance and our charity in order to alleviate their suffering." His Royal Highness had reason to express himself pleased with the admirable inaugural arrangements, which should be placed to the credit of Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, whose well-written report clearly explains the scope of this palatial asylum for the deranged.

Sorrow and joy were most intricately mingled in the home-coming of the Duchess of Connaught. The delight of seeing her children again, and the warm welcome of an affectionate family circle, were tempered by the sudden death of her father, Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia; and the coincidence of her happiness and grief will awaken for her the heartfelt sympathy of all who know her, either personally or only by repute, as a good daughter, wife, and mother.

This week the world of fashion has been all a'gog about the races at "Royal" Ascot, so called for many sufficient reasons; especially because Ascot Heath, whereon the races are run, and where there was racing as early as 1727, is so near to the Royal residence at Windsor; because the kennel of the Royal Buckhounds found an excellent site there; because, in consequence of convenient proximity, it has always been the favourite race-ground of Royalty, since "Farmer George" and Charlotte, his wife, with the "First Gentleman" and their other children, would stroll affably about among the tents and booths; and because two Dukes of Cumberland, the "Culloden" Duke (who was Ranger of Windsor Great Park and bred King Herod and Eclipse), and the "foolish boy who disgraces the title" (brother to George the Third, which "foolish boy" won a Gold Cup at Ascot in 1772 by "walking over" with his mare, Maria), did their best to promote the meeting. It was not until 1785, however, that "Farmer George" himself gave the Royal Plate of 100 gs. "for hunters"; and it was not until 1807 that the Gold Cup, which is the glory of Ascot, became an institution. In 1843 began the Royal Hunt Cup, which produces "the prettiest race of the year"; and in 1865 the Alexandra Plate, which is one of few "long" races (three miles) remaining for the "laudator temporis acti" to rejoice in. The chief features of Ascot, however, are of course the display of millinery and the procession (on the Tuesday and the Thursday) in state or semi-state, when the Master of the Buckhounds, with his "couples" round his neck and a flower in his button-hole, rides slowly up the course at the head of the line of carriages. Nevertheless, there is always good racing at Ascot: the New Stakes generally bringing out some "crack" two-year-old, and the Gold Cup being remarkable for the number of dead-heats it has produced, between Brighton and Epsom in 1808, between Camarine and Rowton in 1832, between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler in 1863, and between Ely and General Peel in 1865, and for the number of "foreigners" that have won it—namely, Gladiateur (1866), Mortemer (1871), Henry (1872), Boiard (1874), Verneuil (1878), and Foxhall (1882).

Girton and Newnham have given a new interest to the Cambridge Tripos. We look with something better than curiosity to see how the severe reasoning of the mathematics will agree with the British feminine constitution, and what "sweet girl-graduate" may bid fair to become a Mrs. Somerville. This year we find two ladies, Miss Rickett and Miss Hewett, of Newnham, who have attained to the standard of "wrangler"; and, though that may seem an ominous term to apply to the sex, it is better than "knagger," which has been suggested by the cynics; and the day may come when the place of "senior wrangler" (which has nothing to do with age, and therefore need not be dreadful for its suggestion of a disagreeable inference) will be virtually assigned to a candidate in petticoats, and Man will begin, with shame, to take a lower seat.

The Greeks are a people who love to be *sans gène* even in their Parliament, which is now in session, and has been so for the last three weeks. Deputies sit with their hats on, as with us, hang their greatcoats over the backs of their seats, and sip their lemonade perpetually. The buffet, which consists merely of a supply of cold water and lemons, is behind the Presidential tribune, and if a speaker pauses to take breath, or to pick up the thread of his discourse, there is a general rush to light cigarettes at the President's taper. When the King is present, the cigarettes and lemonade are less *en évidence*, but the members yield their places to officials, and there is a sprinkling of ladies and of men who take a merely theoretic interest in politics.

The Queen always keeps her eye on the Female School of Art, and has ordered a fan, designed and painted on silk by Miss Alice Elfrida Manby, as one of her special wedding presents to Princess Beatrice on her marriage.

The sabre just presented by the Czar to General Komaroff is a *chef d'œuvre*, like some old and much admired French ones. The blade, of finest Damascus steel, bears the inscription "Pour la bravoure," and the handle and scabbard are of gold thickly set with brilliants.

People who have slaughtered other people are very appropriately presented with swords of honour; and therefore General Komaroff deservedly receives a sword, for, in the words of Homer, he precipitated many brave souls into Hades. But whom did Sir Peter Lumsden slay? His object was thought to be a peaceful solution of a difficult question, and his complaint was supposed to be that the Russians used physical force unwarrantably. By all means let Sir Peter have presents and honours; but why give him a sword, rather than an olive-branch or the "Turnerelli wreath," if that is still to be had? A sword is the very last thing to give a pacific envoy and commissioner. It really looks as if the worthy myriads who are so anxious to present Sir Peter with a weapon must be spiritually akin to the proverbial Irishman who invites his neighbours significantly "just to thread on the tail of his coat" as he trails it before them.

We are so accustomed to regard a piano as a somewhat massive piece of furniture that it is almost startling to see, in the musical department of the Inventions Exhibition, one of Messrs. Brinsmead's pianos quite complete as a skeleton, minus the case. Close by stands a very handsome case of wood into which it can easily be screwed; but, for all harmonious and professional purposes, the instrument is perfect without it. One might almost call it the disembodied spirit of a piano, and the music it discourses is almost seraphically sweet in tone.

A fair and high-born English bride went to the altar last week in a simple muslin dress, a tulle veil, and a few real flowers, without a single jewel. Her bridesmaids were dressed in equally simple materials, and carried single stems of tall white lilies instead of the usual elaborate bouquets. May they succeed in setting a new fashion, and inaugurating a style of wedding garment which is more suitable than costly, and elegant rather than elaborate!

In these days, when the masses are taking an interest in pictures and art generally, such as does great credit to the educational system of the country, it seems a pity that the national collections or any of them should be jeopardised or neglected. Yet, one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, admits that the unique and priceless gems of art are carelessly housed in wooden sheds which are food for fire, and therefore in continual danger. The world's stock of paintings by old masters is necessarily limited, and though occasionally some wealthy iconoclast purchases a treasure, and by having it restored or by keeping it in a damp unsuitable atmosphere destroys its value, when the country becomes possessed of one it is in duty bound to preserve it. Says Mr. Beresford-Hope, "it is a platitude to say that England is a country of anomalies"; but it is worth saying, nevertheless, and worth impressing on those who have the power to abate the grievance, that, if a picture is worth acquiring at a big price, with the money of the people, it is equally worth taking proper care of.

The love of an earnest author for every line he writes is on a par with that which a parent feels for his children; and theatrical managers and editors of newspapers know full well the reproaches they have to encounter when they delete a scrap of dialogue from a play or a line from a paragraph. But if a story which is going the rounds concerning M. Reyer, author of the new opera "Sigur," can be taken as typical, then musical composers are even more devoted to their work than the journalist or the dramatist. A critic, having been invited to hear the rehearsal of the opera, wrote M. Reyer a congratulatory letter, but he mentioned that, in his opinion, the wind instruments were somewhat overpowering in certain passages. The composer wrote back a long explanatory letter, but finished by saying that he had decided to defer to the critic's judgment; and, as he thought the wind instruments unduly preponderant, that he should leave out the part for *the flute*.

At the early age of forty-two Madame Adelina Patti has already commenced to write her "reminiscences," and they will be published shortly in an American magazine. Although certain journals have hinted that this season in London will be the Diva's last, we have her authority to deny this most emphatically. And why should she retire when her voice is as pure and fresh as it was fifteen years ago?—more, its commercial value is higher than ever, commanding for one evening a sum which would keep half a dozen families in comparative comfort for a year. Madame Patti caught cold in her head on Sunday, before she left her Welsh home, and the first performance of Italian Opera, fixed for Tuesday, had to be postponed. As she has been personally acquainted with every crowned head in Europe, and all the men of light and leading all over the world, and, moreover, is a lady of keen perception, her reminiscences and impressions are sure to be interesting.

That ball and dinner giving is no criterion of sociable and hospitable feeling is proved by the promptness with which invitations are cancelled on the morrow of a political crisis. The consequence on trade is that dresses are countermanded and workwomen thrown out of employment; the "bitter cry" becomes intensified; and the philosopher reflects on "what great effects from little causes spring."

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Audacity, Audacity, and always Audacity!" Danton's famous oratorical prescription has once again proved triumphant. It seemed to be generally agreed in Club-land in the middle of the week that the vivacious and dashing young leader of the omniscient "Fourth Party" had had his way, and that, yielding to the pressure put upon him by this lively section of the Conservative front rank, the Marquis of Salisbury had, after a long interview, offered Lord Randolph Churchill a Cabinet post, promised Sir Michael Hicks-Beach the leadership of the House of Commons, and conciliated Sir Stafford Northcote with a dignified office in the Ministry and elevation to the Peerage. Report has it that other ex-Ministers are to accompany the right hon. Baronet to the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone, too, has been graciously offered an Earldom "in recognition of his services to his Sovereign and his country"; but it is semi-officially intimated that, "while gratefully appreciating her Majesty's intention," Mr. Gladstone "has asked to be allowed to forego the high honour which Her Majesty was ready to confer upon him." It is safe to predict the right hon. gentleman will find some of his late colleagues and supporters less coy of entering the Upper House.

The plain record of the Ministerial crisis is as brief—acceptably brief—as a speech by the Prince of Wales. On the Friday of last week—June the Twelfth, the day the Marquis of Salisbury arrived at Balmoral in obedience to the Queen's commands—the Lords and Commons reassembled. Earl Granville informed their Lordships, and Mr. Gladstone made known to hon. members, that the Government had tendered their resignation, which was accepted on the 11th inst., her Majesty having in the meantime summoned Lord Salisbury to Scotland. On Monday, the public learnt from the circular issued by the Court that "the Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen previous to leaving Balmoral, and has accepted office." Naturally tired by the double railway journey, the noble Marquis rested at Hatfield on Sunday. He returned to his town house in Arlington-street on Monday, and had interviews with several leading Conservatives. But an unexpected difference that arose in the Commons the same day threatened to interrupt the delicate work of Cabinet-making. The Lords met but to part again, on the motion of Lord Cranbrook. The independent spirits of the Conservative party in the Commons, however, found excuse for debate and division. Mr. Gladstone, having stated that he had received "authentic information" that the Marquis of Salisbury had undertaken to form a Government, proposed a fresh adjournment to Friday. Then arose the difference of opinion with respect to the Redistribution Bill. The authority of Sir Stafford Northcote was directly disregarded not only by Sir H. Drummond-Wolff and Lord Randolph Churchill, but also by Sir M. Hicks-Beach. But their efforts to stay, on a technical point, the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the measure was ineffectual. The motion to postpone the discussion was defeated by 333 to 35 votes. With one or two exceptions of little import, the amendments were then agreed to. On the motion of Mr. Gladstone, Princess Beatrice's Annuity Bill was passed; and the House adjourned to Friday—Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues looking immensely relieved at the forthcoming freedom from the cares of office. It is expected that the Marquis of Salisbury will on Friday be in a position to announce, from the place lately occupied by Earl Granville, that he has formed a Ministry.

BALLOONING IN BECHUANALAND.

The expedition commanded by Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., Special Commissioner for the settlement of the Bechuana country, on the western frontier of the Transvaal, was furnished with a balloon to be used for military reconnoitring service. An experimental ascent was prepared by the officers in charge of the apparatus when the General's head-quarters were at Mafeking, in Montsia's country, in the month of April; and our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, one of the troopers of "Methuen's Horse" forming an escort to the party of Royal Engineers, has contributed several Sketches of this proceeding. The balloon arrived at the native village of Mafeking in a waggon, from which it was removed and unpacked, and was carefully inflated with gas by the apparatus brought from Woolwich Arsenal. The network bag was drawn over it when partly inflated; the car was attached by ropes, and the General was one of the first to make an ascent to the height allowed by the rope. The native Barolongs, men, women, and children, nearly all the population of Mafeking, watched this marvellous operation with the greatest possible astonishment, which was increased by a subsequent performance, when the balloon rose free in mid-air, hovering over the village. Finally, however, upon the occasion of a sudden descent, the balloon sustained injuries which made it necessary to stop the series of experiments; and the last scene delineated by our Artist is when it was packed up and carried away, with something of the sadness of a funeral procession. Its practical utility, in assisting the conduct of a campaign in the field, would no doubt have been proved in South Africa as it was in the Eastern Soudan.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Among the meetings for benevolent purposes recently held are the following:—

Mr. Hollams presided on the 10th inst. over the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, which was held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond; the subscriptions and donations amounting to £2178.

On the same day, the thirteenth annual festival of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents took place at the Holborn Restaurant—Mr. J. P. Currie, Governor of the Bank of England, in the chair; subscriptions to the amount of £1450 being announced.

The forty-eighth anniversary festival of the Coffee and Eating-House Keepers' Association was held on the 11th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern—Mr. J. T. Peacock in the chair; the secretary announcing a list of donations and subscriptions amounting to nearly £300, including a donation of fifty guineas from the chairman.

The Duke of Edinburgh presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on the 12th inst., subscriptions being announced amounting to £1570, including £100 from the Queen.

About two hundred gentlemen were present on Monday evening at the anniversary dinner of the Printers' Corporation, held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The subscriptions amounted to £1018, in addition to a special gift of £500 from the Pardoe-Killingback Pension Fund, which had been raised by subscription principally from the printing machine managers.

The fifty-third anniversary festival of the United Law Clerks' Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday night—Mr. Justice Wills in the chair; the donations amounting to between £300 and £400.

The festival dinner of the friends and supporters of the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road, will be held next Tuesday—the Lord Mayor, M.P., in the chair.

THE MAGAZINES.

The interest of the *Cornhill* this month is almost entirely divided between its two serial fictions. "Court Royal" cannot be taken very seriously. Incidents and dialogue are alike fantastically overdone; and the personages are gross exaggerations of types exceptional at the best. But it is full of vigour and go; and the reader who will resign himself to the author's humour may make sure of plenty of entertainment. "Rainbow Gold" continually gains in mechanical cleverness; the scenes are wonderfully wrought; but there is a continual suggestion of ropes and pulleys. "Next-of-Kin Agencies" is an entertaining account of the agent's calling, seasoned with anecdotes illustrative of its picturesque side.

Besides the continuation of Mrs. Ritchie's graceful and pathetic "Mrs. Dymond," *Macmillan* has three articles of unusual merit—a picturesque account of a voyage up the La Plata from Monto Video to Paraguay, with interesting remarks on the prospects of the country; a notice, by "M. E. W.," of "Marius the Epicurean," as refined in style as the book itself, and much more healthy in sentiment; and a review by Mr. W. T. Arnold of Mommsen's great but imperfect volume on the administration of the Roman Empire. Mrs. Molesworth's ghost story is much too long. Professor C. H. Pearson gives some useful information on the advantages of Australia as a residence for persons with small fixed incomes.

The chief contribution to the *English Illustrated Magazine* is a delightful paper, delightfully illustrated, by Miss Dorothy Tennant, on the manners and customs of the London ragamuffin. Mabel Collins's paper on the New Forest is also accompanied by charming illustrations. "A Family Affair" continues attractive, and "In the Lion's Den," by Mr. Baring-Gould, promises to be a very pretty story.

Blackwood has one contribution of great importance, Hobart Pasha's letter suggesting methods of defence against torpedoes, the danger from which he considers greatly exaggerated. Both the novels, "The Waters of Hercules" and "Fortune's Wheel," are full of exciting interest, and the latter has brilliant social portraiture also. The letters describing the Russian military manoeuvres of last year, and the route home from them, are lively and graphic. The hopeless attempt to prove that Shakespeare's sonnets were inspired by Dante is resumed without even the redeeming quality of perverted ingenuity. The height of absurdity as well as paradox is surely reached when Shakespeare's pretty conceit on the harpsichord is traced to Dante's rapt vision of the glories of Paradise.

There is nothing remarkable in *Longmans* except the continuation of Mr. Stevenson's "Prince Otto," which is becoming more definite in plot and promises powerful interest.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains several valuable articles, among which we cannot reckon Sir Julian Goldsmid's attempt to rehabilitate Ismail Pasha, or Mr. Marindin's optimistic view of Eton in 1885. But Dr. Morell Mackenzie's remarks on the growth of specialism in medicine, Professor Gardiner's account of the new light thrown by archaeological discovery on the beliefs of the Greeks respecting the future world, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards's picture of the decay of opera from the dearth of great singers, all make substantial contributions to knowledge. Professor Vinogradoff's essay on Oxford and Cambridge contains little novelty; but at least assures us that intellectual foreigners see our Universities much as we see them; and it is amusing to find the Parnellite party twitted by a more advanced Nationalist with conspiring to extinguish Irish nationality by substituting a Secretary of State for the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. F. Marshall labours to prove that Paris is a delightful residence for English people who will learn the language and accommodate themselves to the ways of the natives; but his own figures seem to show that it is a very expensive one.

The *Nineteenth Century* has no remarkable article, but many sensible ones—among which may be especially noted Captain Verney's appeal for a reform of the Indian Army, getting rid of the present almost incredible confusion and complication; Lord Bramwell's reply to Archdeacon Farrar on the drink question; and Mr. Jephson's argument, enforced by the proceedings of the Irish Parliament in 1782, that there is no medium between complete union and complete separation. Lady Archibald Campbell illustrates Fletcher's "Faithfull Shepherdesse" very agreeably, and Mr. Sully partially explains the notorious tendency of genius to insanity.

The *Contemporary Review* has a powerful exposition of the needs of the Volunteer Force, by Mr. Howard Vincent; and a very timely and sensible appeal by Mr. Dillwyn in favour of the common-sense reform of allowing Acts of Parliament to be taken up in any session at the stage which they may have reached in the proceeding. Professor Parker expounds the pedigree of the higher animals with exceeding clearness; Dr. Hatch makes a strong point of Canon Liddon's omission to allude to the Ignatian epistles when arguing for the apostolic succession of bishops; Sir Rowland Blennerhassett proposes to provide funds for making Irish tenants into landlords by a reimposition of the house tax; and Mr. Glennie contends that Shakespeare has been calumniated in the matter of inclosures, the town clerk of Stratford having had an unfortunate trick of writing "I" when he meant to write "he." Internal evidence certainly seems in favour of this, at first sight, startling suggestion.

With the exception of Mr. Armstrong's review of the *Academy* and *Salon*, and Mr. Courthope's acute but unsympathetic discussion of Coleridge and Keats, the articles in the *National Review* are mainly political. They do not individually seem very practical, and taken together increase the general impression of the difficulty which, in spite of unexampled opportunities, the Conservatives feel in suiting themselves with a policy.

"At the Red Glove," one of the best contemporary serial stories, attains a satisfactory conclusion in *Harper's Magazine*, which has also excellently illustrated articles treating of the cattle ranches of the Far West; of the picturesque city and tableland of Bogota, of the manoeuvres of the German troops, and of the personages and incidents of East Tennessee at the end of last century. An essay on Mr. Watts's art, prompted by the exhibition of his pictures, shows fine appreciation of

his poetical charm. The *Century's* histories of the civil war relate this month to Jackson's wonderful campaigns in the Shenandoah and the battle of Gaines's Mill, the first in the Chickahominy campaign. Three splendid portraits of the three Herschels are briefly but effectively illustrated by the text of Professor Holden, and capital pictures accompany the papers on grizzly bears, on orchids, and on the New Orleans exhibition. One difficulty with Mrs. Howell's "Sils Lapham" is to conceive how anybody could care for either of the young ladies. The "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" is ably continued in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The chief of the miscellaneous articles is a valuable and discriminating criticism on Mrs. Oliphant, by Miss H. W. Preston.

"Mitre Court," Mrs. Riddell's serial in *Temple Bar*, is one of the most lively stories now publishing, full of variety and excitement, and rich in well-defined character. "A Girton Girl" has fewer literary pretensions, but is still very good, "The Varnishing Ticket," the tale of a "broken-hearted artist," is a very pathetic story. "The Russian Armament" has nothing to do with recent politics, but is a clever evisceration of the memoirs of Sir James Bland Burges.

With the exception of Miss O'Hanlon's spirited novel, the articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine* are scientific or literary. Mr. Grant Allen traces up the origin of life to chlorophyll, Mr. Baring-Gould gives a brief account of the Erckmann-Chatrian pair, Dr. O'Leary criticises the revised version of the Old Testament with favour, and Mr. Atwell obliges us with some select thoughts of the Swiss moralist, Petit Senn. "A Strange Voyage" and "Babylon" continue to amuse the readers of *Belgravia*, the minor contributions are of little mark. *Time* has a somewhat remarkable study of Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who has evidently been a close observer of the Premier. There is much poetical power in Miss E. Nesbit's poem "The Dead to the Living"; and Mr. Purves's criticism

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT.

The piece of plate representing "the Royal Hunt Cup" at Ascot Races this year is not a cup, but a silver shield, manufactured by Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of Bruton-street, which is a good work of art. It was designed and modelled by a well-known sculptor, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A.; the design represents, in the centre, the head of Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons; and, round this, some equestrian groups of those female warriors passing in procession before their Queen. The arms or weapons carried by the Amazons are represented on the border. The shield, which consists of 600 ounces of silver, with its surface partly oxidised, is thirty-two inches in diameter, and is mounted on a black ebony plinth; its cost is £500. It will be a handsome ornament in the house of the winner of the "Royal Hunt Cup."

THE HOLLOWAY SANATORIUM.

On Monday the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and their three daughters, and by the Duke of Cambridge, opened this noble institution, at St. Anne's-heath, close to the Virginia Water railway station. It is an asylum for patients of the middle classes of both sexes, afflicted with mental disorders, but is intended to be, in its ordinary management, to a considerable degree self-supporting, a moderate charge being made for the reception of inmates whose families can afford to pay. The munificent founder, the late Mr. Thomas Holloway, bestowed more than a million sterling upon the erection and permanent endowment of the Sanatorium and of the Holloway College for Women, which stands at a short distance, at Mount Lee, and which has been described and illustrated in this Journal. His noble designs have been carried out by the trustees of his fund, Mr. George Martin-Holloway, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Henry Driver-Holloway. The buildings for the two institutions are planned and completed in every detail with the minutest care and forethought, and with the finest taste for beauty and pleasantness. The architect is Mr. W. H. Crossland, who designed the Townhall at Rochdale. All the features of structure and decoration in the Sanatorium, from the tower, like the famous belfry of Ypres, to the kitchen, from the recreation or lecture hall to the garden and shrubbery, are on a grand scale, and devised with the kind purpose of affording weary if not worn-out brain-workers an opportunity of recovering their faculties. Red brick with stone dressing for the exterior and grey marble for the interior of the large hall, the refectory, and other chief apartments, were not considered to afford sufficient variety, so the stone surfaces have been enriched with colour and plentiful gilding. In one part the interior decorations are of the grotesque character often associated with Gothic architecture. The great lecture-hall is very richly gilt, and is adorned with portraits of distinguished persons. The refectory, also richly decorated, is made additionally beautiful and interesting by a series of pastoral fancy groups after Watteau, forming a frieze, above which are smaller groups in lunettes. Throughout the building the idea of variety, of the importance of placing objects of interest before a dimmed but not inferior intelligence, is never lost sight of. There are no blank walls; but the whole, even of the entrance-hall and staircase, except the marble top of the balustrade, is covered with gilding or bright colour. Every apartment has its own bright, cheerful, artistic treatment; so that the Sanatorium must rank amongst the public buildings of the country famous for their decorations. The rooms, great and small, are exquisitely furnished. Much of the art work has been executed by students of the National Art-Training School, under the direction of Mr. Poynter.

The institution and the surrounding grounds include some forty acres, the building containing about 600 rooms, disposed on four floors, and capable of accommodating about 250 patients. The expense hitherto incurred is about £300,000. Dr. Sutherland Rees Phillips is appointed Medical Superintendent.

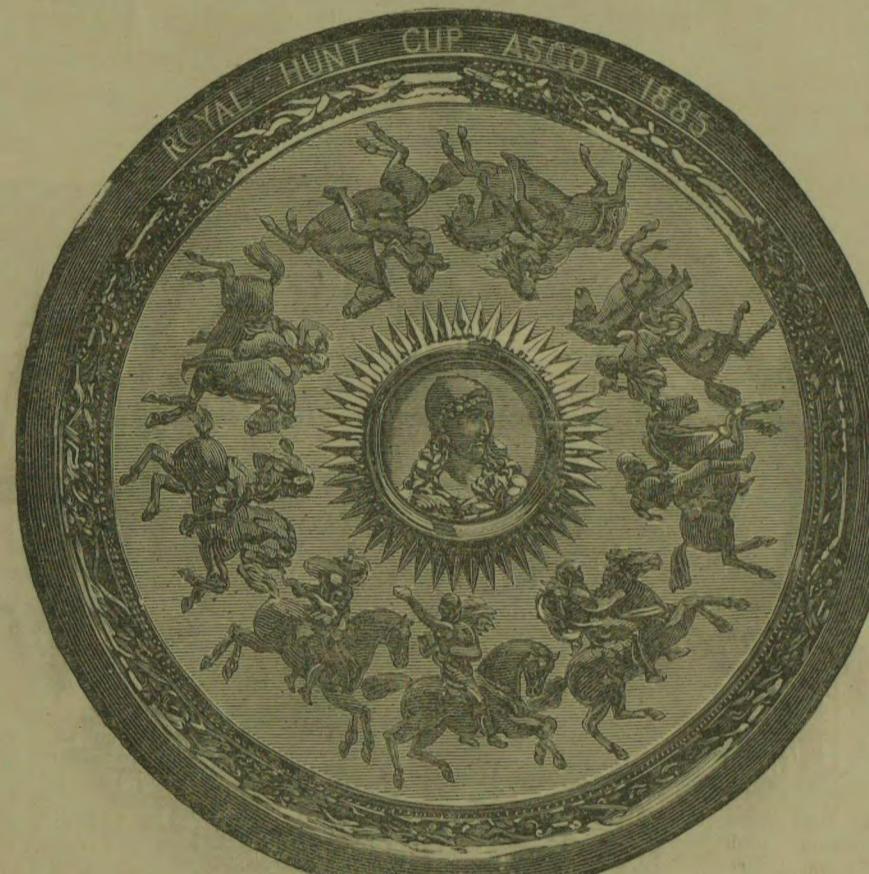
The opening ceremony was in the large hall, which is to be used for concerts and other entertainments. The Royal party having taken their places on the platform, Mr. Martin-Holloway delivered a brief address, explaining that all the internal arrangements of the Sanatorium are planned for maintaining general health, for isolating special cases of disease, for enabling the attendants to live unobtrusively close to their patients, and for giving the patients an idea of freedom combined with active surveillance. The Prince of Wales briefly replied; and the guests dispersed to enjoy the hospitality of their host in dining-rooms and tents. The arrangements, which were in charge of Mr. Trendell, were perfectly successful. The Sanatorium is ready for immediate occupation; and we believe that some patients were in the establishment this week. It is available only for curable cases of insanity; and the fees paid by patients will depend upon the amount of accommodation they require. Applications for half the possible number of admissions have been already accepted, and by the end of the year it is expected that the Sanatorium will be full.

Oxford Commemoration festivities have been held this week.

Her Majesty's armoured barbette-ship Benbow was launched from the yard of the Thames Iron Works and Shipbuilding Company at Blackwall on Monday, the christening ceremony being performed by Mrs. Gladstone.

A fire broke out last Wednesday morning in one of the haberdashery shops at Mr. Whiteley's, in Westbourne-grove, Bayswater. The outbreak occurred in the portion of the premises replacing that destroyed by fire nearly three years ago. About one fifth of the Westbourne-grove premises have now been burnt out. The building is insured, but not the stock or fixtures.

The Marquis of Lorne opened on the 11th inst. the summer exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Institution, York, at which Princess Louise is an exhibitor. There was a distinguished company present, including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Frederick Milner, M.P., and the members of the City Corporation. Subsequently Lord Lorne was entertained by the Lord Mayor to luncheon.



THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT RACES.
SHIELD REPRESENTING "THE MARCH OF THE AMAZONS."

on Mr. Thomas Hardy's rusticus is much to the point. *London Society*, considerably improved of late, has interesting papers on "Curiosities of the Cardinale," "Oxford Memories," and "The Family of an Afghan Prince in Exile."

The *Art Journal* has for frontispiece a line engraving after A. C. Gow, A.R.A., called "Requisitioned," which, as an engraving, is extremely poor and weak. Mr. Joseph Hatton continues to gossip about "London Clubland," and Mr. F. G. Stephens contributes an interesting paper on Hammersmith and Chiswick. Notes on the exhibitions and other articles help to make up an agreeable Number.

The *Magazine of Art* for June (Cassell and Co.) is remarkable for an interesting article, well illustrated, on Handel and his portraits. The other contents of the Number, literary and pictorial, are varied and good.

Besides the *Magazine of Art*, the principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., are—Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque, Illustrated Book of Pigeons, Picturesque Canada, Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver (containing an article on the Revised Version of the Old Testament, by the Dean of Canterbury, one of the revisers), Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, Life and Words of Christ, Little Folks' Magazine, Popular Educator, and Our Own Country.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of *Moniteur de la Mode*, *World of Fashion*, *La Saison*, *Le Follet*, *Gazette of Fashion*, *The Red Dragon*, *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, *London Society*, *The Argosy*, *The Month*, *Good Words*, *The Army and Navy Magazine*, *Household Words*, *Eastward Ho!* *The Antiquarian*, *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, *Merry England*, *Irish Monthly*, *Leisure Hour*, *Book Lore*, *United Service Magazine*, *Forbes's Sporting Notes and Sketches*, *The Theatre*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, *Illustrated Science Monthly*, *Technical Journal*, *Baptist Magazine*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Christian Treasury*, *Sunday Talk*, *Babyhood*, and *The Rosebud*.

Sixty head mistresses of high and intermediate schools, representing upwards of 12,000 pupils, assembled at the Grey Coat Hospital, Westminster, on Friday and Saturday last week, on the occasion of the annual conference of the Association of Endowed and Proprietary Schools. Many subjects of importance connected with teaching were discussed.



1. Entrance-hall for patients. 2. Turkish-bath rooms. 3. Chapel. 4. Recreation-hall. 5. Patients' villa. 6. Dr. Phillips's house. 7. One of the sitting-rooms.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

Great was his astonishment when Clare suddenly fell on her knees, crying—"Oh, Adrian, do you think you will ever be able to forgive me?"

A D R I A N V I D A L.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE LAND WHERE ALL THINGS ARE FORGOTTEN."

Adrian had left his house in the morning without any more distinct idea of how he was going to spend the day than that he did not mean to spend it at home. There were a good many things which it behoved him to do—amongst others, it might be well that he should begin getting in his tradesmen's bills and forming some estimate of what he owed—but he did not feel equal to undertaking disagreeable duties, and in the end he sauntered down to his club and tried to read the papers. Whilst he was thus occupied, a note, addressed in Heriot's shaky handwriting, was brought to him.

"Dear Adrian (it ran),—If you will look in to-day or to-morrow, and rather to-day than to-morrow, I shall think it kind of you. I have been very bad this last week—about as bad as I could be—and I don't want to miss the chance of seeing you, now that I have a respite.

"Yours always, W. H."

Adrian's conscience pricked him when he read this appeal. He had made only one effort to see Heriot since the latter's return to England, and on that occasion his friend had been too ill to receive him. Since then he had found one excuse after another for shirking the interrogatories which he was sure awaited him in Brook-street. He had never until now felt that his breach with Clare was likely to prove a final one, and so long as it remained unhealed the less that was said about it the better. But he could not refuse to visit the sick when directly begged to do so; nor, indeed, did his reason for absenting himself any longer exist. He could relate the plain

facts now, and really it did not appear to him that he was open to the rebuke of any candid man. Such sins as he had committed he had confessed and asked pardon for. Heriot would hardly suggest that he should acknowledge himself guilty where he had been innocent, or that he should tamely submit to be disbelieved when he had pledged his word to the truth of a statement.

But he forgot all about his wrongs and his rights the moment that he entered the bed-room where Heriot lay extended upon a sofa. When a man has been dying for a number of years, the end generally comes as a shock to those who have watched him; and the first sight of his friend's face sent the blood back to Adrian's heart. Nor was he able to conceal his dismay; for Heriot said at once, with a faint smile,

"I have pretty nearly come to the last words of the last chapter, you see."

"My dear old chap, I won't have you talk like that!" exclaimed Adrian, recovering himself. "You've had a bad bout of it, that's all."

But Heriot, still smiling, shook his head. "No; I have had my last bout but one. I don't want to brag; but I think I may say that I have fought Death as long as any man could be expected to fight. Now he has got me down, and I am only waiting for the coup de grâce. The doctor told me plainly, the other day, that I had not the strength to rally from another attack."

"How can he possibly tell?"

"Perhaps he can't; but I can. I know when I am beaten; and, to tell you the truth, I am not very sorry to be near the finish. I have been through a good deal of suffering, as you know; but I am not sure whether intense weariness is not

worse. And I have no fear of death. Death, after all, is a release. Nobody knows what it is; but I suppose it must, at all events, be that. Isn't it curious to think how very little speculation there has been upon the subject? The whole army of humanity marching steadily on towards the same goal, and not one individual, having the slightest idea whither he is bound—or caring much!"

"But we have some idea, surely," objected Adrian, who was himself orthodox after a somewhat unthinking fashion, and had never doubted but that his friend was equally sound.

"You mean that most of us believe in the immortality of the soul, and that you and I are Christians. But Christianity tells us nothing about a future state of existence; for I should think there are very few people who can accept the *Apocalypse* as a literal description of it, or would like the prospect if they could. For the rest, we have one branch of the Church believing in Paradise and Purgatory, while another declares them to be fond things, vainly invented, and sends mankind direct to Heaven or Hell, with perhaps just the shadow of a mental reservation as regards the latter. All these are only names; we can't conceive the meaning of them any more than we can comprehend infinity."

"I suppose that is why speculation has always been felt to be useless."

"Perhaps so. Still it seems strange that the mystery of our fate should weigh so little upon us. When I look back upon my life, it appears to have been quite short—only a few years—and now eternity is close upon me. What is going to be done with me, I wonder?"

"I know one thing, Heriot," said the younger man, warmly; "if ever mortal deserved Heaven, you do!"

But Heriot was not listening to him. "The land where all things are forgotten," he murmured, dreamily—"the man who said that was in no hurry to go there. But I don't know—it has a restful sound."

"Not to me!" exclaimed Adrian. "To me it sounds like a cry of despair. You can't wish to forget everything and everybody; that would be tantamount to losing your identity altogether; it is another word for annihilation. You can't wish for that."

"I wish for rest, I think. A long, long sleep—I believe that is what I should like, if I could choose. The fact of the matter is that I am tired out. Adrian, old fellow, we have always been good friends, haven't we?"

"Always, dear old man," answered Adrian, getting up and seating himself nearer to the sofa on which Heriot was lying.

"And now we have to bid one another good-bye. As I tell you, I don't know what is going to become of me, or whether I shall be able to remember you in 'the land where all things are forgotten'; but I shouldn't like to be forgotten at once by you—or by your wife."

"You know you won't be forgotten."

"Well, not literally, I hope. And perhaps you will feel glad to have granted the last favour that I shall ask of you."

"Heriot," said Adrian, "if there is any possible return that I can make for all the kindnesses that you have done me ever since I first knew you, tell me of it. The more difficult it is, the better I shall be pleased."

"It's a little difficult—not very," answered Heriot, smiling. "I only want you two to be friends again."

Adrian groaned. "I am afraid you have asked for an impossibility," he said. "I came here to-day thinking that you meant to lecture me, and I was prepared to defend myself; but I won't say all that I intended to say. I will only tell you that I have tried to make friends, and that I have utterly failed. She never had much confidence in me, and now she tells me plainly that she has none, and declines to believe my word. Don't let us speak about it any more."

"Come, Adrian, you can't suppose that I shall accept that as an answer. Tell me what you were going to say, if I had lectured you. Tell me the whole history, will you? I don't believe I have ever understood all the ins and outs of this matter. I am going to die, you know, so I can't betray your secrets; and you used to think me a pretty good hand at giving you advice in difficulties."

Adrian was not altogether unwilling to comply with this request. He said, despondently, "Talking about it won't make it any better;" but probably that statement did not quite accurately express his belief. He gave a very fair account of his married life, concealing none of its events, and not endeavouring to make out a better case for himself than the circumstances warranted.

"You see," he said, in conclusion, "it's hopeless. Do you remember that evening when you came down to my lodgings at Polruth and warned me that Clare was a woman who could be easily made unhappy and who could not easily forgive? You might have gone farther, and said that there wasn't a chance of her being happy with me and that she couldn't possibly forgive. She would, if she could; I don't doubt that. Last night she told me that she wanted to believe me—only she couldn't. It has been so from the first. It isn't in her power to trust me when appearances are against me; and so I don't see how we can ever be friends. We shall not quarrel again, though; if that is any consolation."

Heriot, who, during Adrian's narration, had been lying back with closed eyes and had made no remark, remained silent a little longer. "Are you quite sure that you have told me everything?" he asked, by-and-by.

"Everything, upon my honour. You, at all events, will believe me when I say that."

"You must remember that you have given Clare's faith in you some rather severe trials. How would you have liked it if she had received a letter from some man—let us say from Wilbraham, though that is scarcely putting it strongly enough—and had torn it to pieces before your eyes, sooner than let you read it? What would you have thought if you had found her in Wilbraham's house? Supposing she had refused to enter into any explanations, but had simply said, 'I am innocent, and you ought never to have doubted me?' Supposing you had had the extraordinary magnanimity to promise that you would say no more about it, only stipulating that she should cease to receive Wilbraham, and supposing that she had gone on receiving him in spite of you?"

"Really, Heriot, the cases are not parallel."

"Of course they are not—from a conventional point of view; but I want you to realise her point of view; and I think, after all that has passed, you can hardly blame her for being a little more incredulous than you would like her to be. And if she is, never mind. You have only to speak to her in a certain way, and she will believe a contradiction in terms. Now, you know that as well as I do, don't you?"

"I am not sure," said Adrian, dubiously.

"Oh yes, you are. Believe me, it isn't worth while to stand on your dignity with a person whom you care for. What you gain by it doesn't make up, by a very long way, for what you lose. And please to observe that I practise what I preach. I may have thought it a little unfriendly of you to stay away from me all these weeks; I may have been fully entitled to say to myself that you might go to the deuce for me. But you see I didn't want to die without saying good-bye to you; and so I put my pride in my pocket. Shall I part with the last shred of pride that remains to me, and make a confession to you which I have never made to any other living being? Will you laugh at me if I do?"

"It would puzzle you to say anything that would make me feel inclined to laugh just now," replied Adrian, drearily.

"Well, I don't know why I shouldn't carry my secret to my grave with me, except that I have a foolish feeling that I should like Clare to hear of it after I am gone. It is only that, if I had been a man who could think of marriage, I should have asked her to marry me years ago. There! Don't make any remark about it, please. It is permitted to every man to dream—especially when his dream is beyond the remotest possibility of realisation. You won't mind; nor, I hope, will she. And perhaps you will both understand better now why I wish so much that you should be happy together again, as you used to be."

"Ah, Heriot, you would have made her happier than I ever can!"

"Don't talk nonsense. There is only one person in the world who can make her happy, and that is yourself. resign yourself to the fact that there is to be an end to your troubles; and in the meantime oblige me by looking a little less dismal."

Adrian shook his head. "I can't help it. You can't expect me to look cheerful when you tell me that I am going to lose my best friend."

"It will be time enough to moan when you have lost him."

"I have completely failed in my trade, too."

"Excuse me; you have done no such thing. You have had a slight check, which will make you more careful in future—nothing worse than that."

"Besides, I am in a mess about money. I shall have to start again as a much poorer man than I expected to be."

"I don't think you need let that worry you much."

Adrian shrugged his shoulders. It was all very well for a rich man to make light of the ills of poverty; but he knew that they were real enough, though they might not be so great as the other misfortunes which he had to face.

"And now," said Heriot, after an interval of silence, "I must send you away. I am beginning to feel tired, and I shall have to stop talking. I want you and Clare to come and see me to-morrow afternoon, if you will. You can tell her all that I have said to you—except, of course, the one thing which she must not be told so long as I am alive—and as soon as you come in, I shall know by your faces whether the bad days are over or not."

"I will bring her," answered Adrian, getting up and taking Heriot's hand. "And I promise you," he added, "that, if it depends upon me to put an end to the bad days, they shall be put an end to."

"Thank you. I don't doubt you, and I have no fear. Till to-morrow, then."

CHAPTER XLIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Adrian's heart was heavy as he walked away. He knew very well what it was that he had promised; he meant to keep his promise, and believed that the result would be much what Heriot had predicted; yet he could not look forward to the future with any feeling of hope or joy. It was probably true that if he spoke to Clare, as Heriot had said, "in a certain way," she would cease to doubt him; but it seemed to him that it was not so much his pride as his self-respect that he was asked to sacrifice, and he could not think that Clare's love for him was capable of resuscitation by such means. The dead past could not, perhaps, be resuscitated by any means—certainly not by the kind of reconciliation which he foresaw. Still, it would please Heriot—poor old Heriot, who was neither poor nor old in the sense given to those words by the dictionary, but who, now that his life was near an end, could look back upon a greater measure of suffering than most old men look back upon, and whose lack of the good things of this world had been equal to that of many a so-called pauper. The tears came into Adrian's eyes when he thought of the man's quiet heroism and of the romance which had been so long and so successfully concealed. His impressionable nature had been profoundly moved by that revelation; he had at once realised how many hundreds of stabs Heriot must have received and submitted to with a smiling face; he pitied him with a pity which may have been more intense than the case called for. For, indeed, it is no such easy matter to distinguish between what is real and what is imaginary in this world of shadows; and the happiness that comes from dreams is at least as real, while it lasts, as any other kind of happiness. It is certain that Heriot would not at any time have consented to part with his dream. But Adrian was not cold-blooded enough to take comfort from analysis of emotion. He could only see the pathetic aspect of his friend's life. Never once had he heard Heriot utter a complaint of pain, physical or mental; he had borne everything with the same unfaltering patience—a patience sublime and possibly self-sufficing, but which had met with very little recognition, and could now meet with no reward—unless it might be "in the land where all things are forgotten."

Those words kept on ringing in Adrian's ears. To him, in the fulness of youth and health, they were terrible words. He could not conceive of a state of mind in which perfect rest should seem to be the chief good. He endeavoured to imagine what the *probable* awakening of the spirit, set free from the body, would be, and found, of course, that there is nothing upon which to base even the shade of probability. Who has not, at one time or another, striven with aching eyes to see through the impenetrable darkness which hangs over the grave? Who has not learnt that such strivings are vain? "They that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire," say the orthodox, and are content with that; "Death is at least the end of pain," say the heterodox, and seek to know no more; while those who halt between two opinions—are they not the majority?—can only turn away with a sigh and try to think about something else.

The latter course was undoubtedly that which Adrian would adopt in due time; but just now it was a little beyond his reach. He could not acquiesce quietly in anything that was sad or painful or incomprehensible; he must either put it out of his mind or it must be explained for him. His was one of those natures which demand consolation, and which, fortunately, are ever ready to accept it, so long as it presents itself in an attractive form. The grey towers of Westminster Abbey and the bell tolling for afternoon service struck him as a sort of response to his unspoken appeal. He had intended to take the underground railway at St. James's Park and make his way home; but now he thought he would turn aside into the old Abbey, where so many generations of worshippers have found comfort for their souls, and see whether the influence of the place would not do for him what it had done for them.

He entered at the moment when the organ was pealing out the opening voluntary. The procession of clergy and choristers was passing into the choir, and he, following in their wake, slipped into a vacant stall. The congregation was not a numerous one, consisting only of some half-dozen persons scattered among the stalls and of a rather larger number assembled in the transept. Adrian did not notice them. Already he was beginning to find what he had come to seek. His senses were soothed and his nerves quieted by the gloom and coolness, by the shafts of coloured light that streamed through the stained windows, by the thick London atmosphere which penetrated into the building and lent additional height and space to the pillars and arches and the vaulted roof. He felt the charm of the clear, sweet singing, and of the dignity and refinement which seem to raise the Anglican cathedral service to a somewhat higher religious plane than can be reached by the ceremonies of the older Catholic communion, with its strange mixture of grandeur and tawdriness, and its still stranger insensibility to bathos.

Adrian, however, was not occupied in drawing comparisons; nor, if the truth must be told, was he saying his prayers, as he knelt there, his elbows on the huge, musty-smelling volume which lay open before him. His wandering thoughts—led thither, perhaps, by the familiar chants and cadences—had drifted away to his school-days; to those old days when everything had been so plain and simple, and when the broad black and white which distinguished right from wrong, and truth from falsehood, had been obscured by no perplexing intermediate tints. "After all," he reflected, "one must go back to that: blind faith or no faith at all." In that solemn, ancient cathedral the faith to which it owed its existence, the faith of childhood, the faith of the saints and martyrs, was less difficult to lay hold of, and the Heaven of the Revelations, which Heriot had said that no man could desire to accept literally, did not seem a mere allegorical vision.

And when Adrian had mechanically risen to his feet and had looked up the anthem, what was it that they began to sing? "Behold, I show you a mystery. In a moment, in

the twinkling of an eye. . . . The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Great is the power of words: upon Adrian it was somewhat greater than upon the ordinary run of mortals. Those magnificent rolling sentences, wedded to music not less magnificent, lifted him out of himself; he seemed to see the gates of Heaven open and time lost in eternity, and could understand that of such a man as Heriot it might well be said *Mors janua vite*. Logic was not his strong point; he had not that fatal precision of ideas which is such a sad curb upon the imagination of those who possess it. In compensation he often reached the truth at a bound, and, having done so, never cared to cast a backward glance upon the maze through which others had laboriously threaded their way to the same point. There was no valid reason why his doubts and perplexities should have been dissipated by the repetition of phrases which he must have heard a hundred times before; but they were so dissipated, and that was all that he asked for.

When he sank upon his knees again he could look out on the present and the future with an altered gaze. The littlenesses and pettinesses of life had shrunk almost to the point of disappearance, and he marvelled that he had allowed them to loom so gigantic before him as to shut out all view of the hereafter. It will be understood that the power of seeing things in their actual proportions was denied to him; he had always to look through a telescope or a microscope, or a diminishing-glass. But perhaps that is no such uncommon case; and at all events he had now reached the happy conclusion that his long quarrel with Clare was but a molehill which his folly and hers had exaggerated into a mountain. He thought that if she were beside him at that moment it might be swept away almost without any need for speech. Then he started violently; for his eyes, roaming idly this way and that, had fallen upon the north transept, where, with her chin upon her folded hands and a stray sunbeam lighting up her golden hair, Clare herself was kneeling.

It was evident that she was unaware of her husband's vicinity. Her head was slightly thrown back; her eyes had a rapt unconsciousness; her face wore a look of pain and humiliation. She might have passed for some suppliant sinner, asking of Heaven the pardon which it was vain to expect from man. But it was not in that way that Adrian interpreted her attitude and expression. He saw that she was suffering; he thought he knew why she was suffering, and he longed to step softly across the intervening space and whisper to her that she need be unhappy no more.

Since that was impracticable, he waited until the service was over, and then, following her as she passed out, touched her lightly on the elbow.

When she turned and recognised her husband, a rush of colour came into her cheeks, then ebbed away, leaving her paler than she had been before. "I—I did not know you were here," she said, in a bewildered, hesitating way. "I was on my way back from the hospital, and I thought I should like to come in for the service. You said you would not be home before dinner-time."

"Are you apologising for going to church on a week-day?" asked Adrian, smiling. "I believe there is no law against that; but if there is, I am as guilty as you."

He supposed that it was of the Children's Hospital that she spoke, and set down her agitation to surprise at seeing him.

"Shall we go home together?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, if you like, answered Clare; and then, with a sort of

gasp—"Adrian, I must say something to you."

"But not now—not now," he returned, hastily. "I, too, have something to say as soon as we get home; I can't speak about it in the street."

He called a hansom, helped her into it, and sat down beside her. Not another word passed between them from that moment until they reached their own door; but Adrian's hand sought Clare's, and though she did not return the pressure which he gave to her fingers, she allowed him to keep possession of them, and that was perhaps as much as he had any right to expect.

When at length they were within their own four walls, Adrian drew Clare after him into the drawing-room and stood, holding both her hands and looking into her eyes, which dropped before his. Hopeful as his mood was, he still thought that he had a task of some little difficulty before him, and great was his astonishment when Clare suddenly fell on to her knees, crying—

"Oh, Adrian, do you think you will ever be able to forgive me?"

He stooped and raised her to her feet by main force. "My dear child," he exclaimed, "what do you mean? I was going to ask you to forgive me. It was my fault that you didn't believe what I told you yesterday; but you believe me now, don't you? And if you don't, I can convince you—I am sure I can."

But she drew back, saying, "Stop! you don't know what a wretch I have been! It has been my fault, not in the least yours, from beginning to end; and there is no excuse for me, because, if I had been open with you, everything would have been explained long ago. I don't see how you can possibly go on caring for me after I have told you this; but there is no help for it—I must tell you."

She sank down into a chair and partly covered her face with her hands. "Don't look at me!" she exclaimed. "Don't come near me until I have finished!"

But Adrian ventured to disobey this command. He seated himself close to his wife, put his arm round her waist and drew her head down on to his shoulder. "My dear," he said, "you may be very sure that you have committed no offence against me that I can't easily and willingly pardon."

"Ah," she cried, "you trust me! I didn't trust you."

"Trust me now," returned Adrian. "Tell me everything, and don't be afraid."

And so it was that by slow degrees the story of Susan Bowman's revenge and repentance was unfolded.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Allan Hornsby, Secretary to the Irish Fisheries Board, has been appointed Inspector of Irish Fisheries, in the room of Mr. W. Johnston; and Mr. George Coffey, Barrister, has been appointed Secretary to the Board.

Monday was the last day of the fence season for Thames coarse fish angling, and all-round angling can now be enjoyed. The Thames, by the action of the voluntary preservation societies, is well stocked with pike, perch, roach, chub, barbel, bream, carp, and other varieties of coarse fish, as well as with trout of large size.

Messrs. Christie on Saturday last brought to a close the sale of the first portion of the Beckett-Denison art collection, which included the pictures. A remarkable incident of the day was the disposal of the famous painting by Rubens, "Daniel in the Den of Lions," for which Mr. Denison gave 5000 guineas at the Hamilton Palace sale. It was now bought back on behalf of the Duke of Hamilton for 2000 guineas, his Grace thus clearing 3000 guineas by this transaction. The first portion of the sale realised £17,795.

MUSIC.

The Royal Italian Opera was to have opened on Tuesday evening; but, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Adelina Patti, the opening was postponed to this (Saturday) evening, when she is to appear as Violetta, in "La Traviata," as announced for Tuesday.

The Balfour Memorial Concert, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall last week, was a great success. It began with a selection from "Il Talismano," a posthumous work originally composed to English text as "The Knight of the Leopard," and first produced in Italian as "Il Talismano" at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1874, when Madame Christine Nilsson sustained the character of Edith Plantagenet, the selection including Madame Nilsson's charming vocalisation in "Edith's Prayer" and the Rondo "Radiant Splendours," and with Mr. Maas in the beautiful "Ring duet." Madame Trebelli gave Beregovaya's "Romance" with naïve expression, Mr. Maas sang the "Rose-Song" with refined style, and Mr. L. Crotty delivered the prayer and war-song with excellent declamation. Various pieces followed the operatic selection. Mr. Sims Reeves gained the usual applause in "Come into the garden, Maud," and other effective performances were contributed by Mdlle. Corani, Miss Hope Glenn, and Mr. L. Crotty. The remainder of the concert consisted of extracts from "The Bohemian Girl" and a short miscellaneous selection, in which vocalists already named were heard.

The St. Cecilia Society (directed by Mr. Malcolm Lawson) gave its sixth public concert at St. James's Hall last week. The band and chorus consist of lady performers reinforced by Miss Carmichael at the pianoforte and Mr. Turpin as organist. The chorus was heard to advantage in several pieces, and effective vocal performances were contributed by Miss L. Phillips, Madame Fassett, and others; dance music of the old school having been played by the lady instrumentalists.

Señor Sarasate, the renowned Spanish violinist, gave the fifth and last of his grand orchestral concerts of the season, at St. James's Hall, last Saturday afternoon, when he performed with rare skill and refinement a "concert-stück" and Rondo by M. Saint-Saëns, and solo pieces of his own composition. A full orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins, contributed to the programme.

The eighth Richter concert of the eleventh series took place at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, when a symphony, by R. Fuchs, was performed for the first time in England. The work contains some effective orchestral writing, but has no special characteristics, and it produced but little impression. The remainder of the programme requires no comment. Herr Henschel was the vocalist.

The concert announced some weeks back to be given by the late Sir Julius Benedict at Drury-Lane Theatre on Tuesday next, will take place for the benefit of Lady Benedict, the programme being similar to that previously arranged, including dramatic as well as musical performances.

Mdlle. Van Zandt appeared at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday night, in the performance, by the French Opera Company, of "Mignon," in the title-character of which the young lady achieved a success equal to that which she obtained in her recent performance as Lakmé, already noticed. In the dramatic and poetical aspect of Goethe's imaginary heroine, and in vocal charm and brilliancy, Mdlle. Van Zandt's performance on Tuesday was alike admirable. Mdlle. Hainann as Philine, M. Dupuy as Wilhem, M. Soulacroix as Laerte, M. Carroll as Lothario, and others, contributed to the general efficiency of the cast. Signor Bevignani conducted.

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace will be the musical event of next week, when it will be held, twelve months in advance of its regular triennial recurrence, on account of this year being the bi-centenary of the composer's birth. We have already given a list of the solo singers. A great musical success may be anticipated from the assemblage of about four thousand performers, conducted by Mr. Manns (who replaced the late Sir Michael Costa at the last Festival, in 1883). The grand public rehearsal took place yesterday (Friday). Of this and of subsequent performances we must speak next week.

Colonel Henry Mapleson's invitation concert on Friday week, at St. James's Hall, was a great success. There was a crowded and brilliant audience, and the programme, in which Madame Marie Roze, Madame Lablache, Miss Kate Flinn, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Signor Papini, and other artists took part, was thoroughly enjoyed. During the evening Dr. Moffat gave a short address on the merits of the ammoniaphone, a reference to Mr. Gladstone as one who had obtained benefit from the invention causing a lively demonstration.

Herr Franz Rummel gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon; Mr. Alfred H. West gave a pianoforte recital at Messrs. Collard's concert-rooms on Thursday afternoon; and in the evening Madame Dukas' pupils gave a concert at Steinway Hall.

BRIGHTON. — Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap First-Class — Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., fare 10s.

Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS. — SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).

From Victoria and London Bridge every Week-day morning. Night Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

To Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.00 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 2s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 4s., 2s.

The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and S. Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. — SEASIDE. TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Adelburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TICKETS are also issued from LIVERPOOL-STREET by the New Route to Scarborough, Flay, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland. For full particulars see bills.

London, June, 1885. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM. — THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND. PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to six. Admission, 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 1s., New Bond-street. Ten to six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS. — DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 2s., New Bond-street, with other great pictures. Ten to six. Daily. 1s.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

AN ORIGINAL STORY, "MARUJA," BY BRET HARTE, ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGRAVING, "Coaxing Better than Scratching," FROM THE PICTURE BY BURTON BARBER.

Two Sheets and a Half, Inclosed in an Elegant Wrapper.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

By Book Post, 3d.; by Parcel Post, 2d.

198, Strand, London.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JUNE 20, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: — Two-pence to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States of America; and Three-pence to China (via Brindisi), India, and the Transvaal. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

MARRIAGE.

On the 11th inst., at the parish church, Willesden, Thomas Ramson Whitty, eldest son of the late Thomas Whitty, of Nottingham, to Charlotte Frances, second daughter of the Rev. Martin E. Smit, of Bridlington Quay, formerly of Graham's Town.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1885. THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER. The two Grand Historical Paintings by F. Sargent, contain upwards of 300 Portraits from Special Sittings. On view at 170, New Bond-street Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Virgman from studies made by him at Osborne. — 13, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. — The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall, East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. ALFRED D. FRITH, R.W.S., Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885.

Patron, H. M. THE QUEEN.

President, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.

Admission to the Exhibition is, every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. TWO BANDS DAILY (the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Bleicher) Hussars).

EVENING FETES, ILLUMINATED FOUNTAINS, and GARDENS Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Têtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.

Patrons—Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., H.R.H. the Prince Christian, K.G., H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, G.C.B., the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, President—the Duke of Cambridge, K.G. President of Committee—Major-General R. Gipps, C.B., Commanding the Home District.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, JUNE 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, 1885.

including Encounters on Horse and Foot between the best representatives of her Majesty's Regular and Auxiliary Forces with Lance, Sword, and Bayonet; Tent Pegging, Tilting at the Ring, Cleaving the Turk's Head; Displays by the Cavalry of Cavalry and Infantry; Driving Competitions between Horse and Field Batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery at the Trot and Gallop; Wrestling on Horseback, Bayonet Exercise, Tug of War. Double Ride and Charge by the Royal Horse Guards.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, EXCURSION-TRAINS have been arranged from nearly all the stations on the London and North-Western, Great Western, Midland, Great Northern, Great Eastern, and other Railways.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. MORNING COMPETITIONS commence each day at Two o'clock; carriages at five o'clock.

EVENING COMPETITIONS commence each day at Seven o'clock; carriages at 12.30.

Tickets may now be obtained at the Box-Office at the Agricultural Hall; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and Alfred Hayes, Royal Exchange. Numbered and reserved, 1s. 6d., 1s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 1s. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MILITARY CHARITIES.

A GRAND REHEARSAL of the Cavalry Displays of the 1st Dragoon Guards and Hussars, will take place this (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, at Three o'clock precisely, and an entirely novel display by the Royal Engineers and Infantry from Aldershot will also be carried out under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel "Slow" Inspector of Gyms, a for Great Britain, to be followed by the Trotting and Galloping of the Royal Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery, and at Four o'clock by the Double Ride and Charge of the Royal Horse Guards. Tickets as above.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. THE LIGHTS OF LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims) EVERLY EVENING at 7.45. Messrs. Leonard, Boyne, Willard, Speake, Huntley, Hudson, Elphinstone, Sollas, Evans, Fenton, Bevington, Wilson, Cox, and George Barrett; Misses Elizabeth Ormsby, Walton, Cooke, Wilson, Gart, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 1s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — OLIVIA, by W. G. WILLS, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry, at 7.45. THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance and by letter or telegram.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW AND BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. The eminent American Humorist, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, will appear at Every Performance. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

MONTE CARLO. — SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accorsi, will be continued daily until further notice.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

SWISS POSTAL SERVICE. — During the Summer season will be commenced the complete Alpine Route, as follows: —

The Simplon, Spiez-Bernhard, Brünig, Oberalp, Schyn, Jäger, Albul, Flüe, Lütschauer, Landwasser, Landquart, Bernina, Maloja, Engadine-Tirol, Aigle, Château-d'Or, Bula-Saane, Thun-Saane, and Brunnen Einsiedeln.

A regular Postal Service, with comfortable Post-Carriges, with Coupés and Banquettes.

The fares are regulated by the Swiss Government. Extra Post-Carriges can be obtained on most of these routes, to secure which, on the ordinary courses, address Swiss Post Offices, and the Tourist Offices of Messrs. Cook and Son, and Gaze and Son, of London.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 16.

The only political event of capital importance during the past week has been the announcement of the signature of the preliminaries of peace with China, on June 9. Unfortunately, just at the moment when the country was rejoicing over this news, there came the painful announcement of the death of Admiral Courbet. The Minister of Marine communicated this news to the deputies yesterday, and the sitting was raised in sign of grief. Admiral Courbet, who had, it appears, been suffering for some months past from liver and gastric affections, died of an attack of bilious fever, after forty-eight hours' suffering, on June 11, on board his flagship, Le Bayard, moored off Makung (Pescadores Islands). Admiral Courbet was born in 1827, and he was given the command of the Tonquin naval and military expedition after the death of the Commandant Rivière, and the French boast he had nothing but successes. Rear-Admiral Lespès now takes the command in Tonquin. Admiral Courbet's remains will be brought back to France, and will be honoured with a state funeral.

The Grand Prix was run at Longchamps last Sunday, in presence of an immense international crowd and under a broiling sun. The result was in accordance with the general expectation—Paradox, the English horse, first; Reluisant, second; and Present Times, third. According to tradition, the Paris season is now at an end, and people will begin to go to the seaside and the mountains, especially if the present exceedingly hot weather continues.

A new opera, "Sigurd," by M. Ernest Reyer, libretto by MM. Du Locle and Bau, was produced at the Grand Opéra on Friday. M. Reyer finished his score twenty years ago. Under the successive managements of MM. Halanzier and Vaucoleil, the opera was refused or put off. It was produced at Brussels last year and afterwards at Lyons, and, finally, it has conquered its way before a Parisian public. The story of the opera is taken from the first part of the epic of the "Nibelungen." One may legitimately ask, Of what essential interest this German legend is to the French? and frankly one cannot prophesy an immense success for the work. In the first place, the opera as presented on Friday was very much truncated, even the overture was suppressed; secondly, the public seemed rather lost in presence of the new slightly Wagnerian formula of the score wanting in simple melodies, duos and cavatines. The music of M. Reyer seems to be inspired chiefly by that of Weber, Gluck, and Berlioz; it is real dramatic music, following closely the letter and the spirit of the word; it is the music of a sincere artist. But, to speak frankly, my impression is that the Parisian audience found "Sigurd" awfully long, and the music—well, not amusing at all.

There is talk of creating once more a Théâtre Italien at Paris, the performances of which would take place at the Grand Opéra on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts is favourable to the project, in which, it appears, Madame Patti is interested.—The last will of Victor Hugo, dated 1875, names M. Léon Say testamentary executor. A previous will named M. Grévy and M. Gambetta, but M. Grévy refused to act. MM. Vacquerie and Meurice are charged with editing all the unpublished works, and will receive 15 per cent on the profits of the first three volumes by way of compensation. The manuscripts left by Victor Hugo are considerable in mass, and of various nature. Vast bundles of papers contain mere notes, verses, half verses, suggestions, &c. Victor Hugo bequeathed all his manuscripts and all his drawings, which are very numerous, to the Bibliothèque Nationale.—General De Chabaud-Latour died last Thursday, at the age of eighty-one. Officer, Deputy, Minister, in 1874, General De Chabaud-Latour has fulfilled innumerable political and administrative functions. He was the author of the plan which was adopted for the fortifications of Paris.—Pel, the hero of the crime of Montreuil, has been condemned to death, the jury having found him guilty of having poisoned his maid-servant, Eliza Boehmer, and of having burnt her body in fragments in a kitchen range.—T. C.

The King and Queen of Italy have contributed 40,000f. for the formation of a fund for the Italian Ladies' Union of the Red Cross.

Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, familiarly known as the Red Prince, father of the Duchess of Connaught, died on Monday morning at his castle near Potsdam, from an apoplectic fit, with which he was seized on the previous day.

The German Court will go into mourning for four

LUCERNE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



LUCERNE.

We present to our readers in this Number of the *Illustrated London News* a double-page Illustration of Lucerne, with its celebrated lake, and with some places in the neighbourhood. It may be considered that no country is more interesting to tourists than central Switzerland, which abounds with all that can charm the eye and the heart. Nature has here arrayed the mountains, valleys, rivers, and lakes with profuse magnificence, and has adorned the scenery with splendid vegetation, which reaches far up the sides of the snow-topped mountains, the freshness of the verdure being continually kept up by rivulets streaming from the heights; and the eye never wearies with the sublimity of these varied prospects.

Lucerne is distant twenty-four hours' journey from London. The town contains about 20,000 inhabitants. From the Schweizerhof Quay (so called from one of the most sumptuous hotels, the Schweizerhof) will be seen the Rigi group to the left, the snow-clad Urner and Engelberger Alps in the centre, and the Pilatus Mountain to the left. At the end of the Quay is the Hofkirche, or Stifts-kirche, which possesses some fine altars of carved wood, stained-glass windows, a celebrated organ, and some well-executed monuments in the churchyard. Within a few minutes' walk of the lake is that celebrated monument, the "Lion of Lucerne," sculptured in the solid rock, after a model by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, in 1821. It is in memory of some twenty-five officers and 750 soldiers of the Swiss Guard of Paris, who were cruelly massacred in the defence of the Tuilleries in 1792. The dying lion is about 28 ft. in length, and reclines in an alcove, its body being transfixed by a broken lance, its paw sheltering the broken lily. It is certainly one of the most interesting and impressive monuments of its kind. To the left of it is the "Gletscher-garten," an interesting relic of the ice period, with thirty-two holes, formed by whirlpools, of different sizes, worn by the action of the ice.

There is an English Protestant church in the rear of the Schweizerhof, and churches of other denominations close at hand. Lucerne is a city where hotel-keeping has been successfully studied as a desirable science; and there are some luxurious hotels, which will be found depicted in our Illustration. There are also restaurants, cafés, a charming casino, with theatre and opéra bouffe, a ball-room, and other attractions; besides the two daily concerts in the garden of the Schweizerhof. Bathing and boating may be enjoyed on the lake, and there are carriages for excursions. There is an English banker, chemist, and library in the town, and various well-stocked shops, with every article likely to be needed by the tourist. The health of the town is proverbially good; and it is free from those epidemics which have recently embarrassed some of our English travellers whither to wander to escape their dreaded influence.

The Lake Navigation Company possesses a fleet of fourteen boats, of which five are saloon-boats, and capable of carrying upwards of a thousand passengers. These steamers traverse the lake, several times daily to Flüelen, Alpnach, and Küssnacht, and to Weggis and Vitznau for the Rigi Railway. All these vessels are swift, and are fitted with awnings and every comfort to the traveller, having excellent restaurants on board.

The world-famed St. Gotthard Railway is one of the most stupendous works of our century. Its chief feature is the great Gotthard tunnel, which is 49,200 feet in length, and is not only the greatest, but also the longest of all the Alpine tunnels; yet the passage through is performed in about twenty minutes, or several minutes less than the journey through the Mont Cenis tunnel, which latter is much shorter than the Gotthard. The northern entrance lies in the valley of the Reuss at the height of 3637 English feet; the southern outlet, in the valley of the Tessin, is 3755 feet above the sea; the highest top of the mountain range above the tunnel is 5863 feet. The construction of this tunnel, which has double lines of railway, required nine years and three months, from 1872 to 1881. The cost was about sixty millions of francs, equal to £2,400,000 sterling. We must add that the Gotthard Company have employed every possible means to ensure the safety and comfort of travellers, and there are through carriages which go direct to all the principal places, thus avoiding much inconvenience to passengers.

As our space will not permit a more complete account of this wonderful railway, we advise our readers who can afford the time to witness the incomparable beauty of the scenery on the whole length of the Gotthard line, for which purpose excursion tickets are issued at Lucerne and other stations of the Gotthard line, available for four days, to and from Lake Lugano, at very advantageous rates.

Among our Illustrations are views of the Gotthard line. The bridge which crosses the Kerstelen torrent at a height of 175 ft. and a length of 460 ft.; "Wassen," with the train winding in long drays in and out up the mountain; the entrance of the tunnel; the sublime gorge of the Tessin, near Stalvedo; and, lastly, Bellinzona, the capital of the canton of Tessin. To the right and left of the Engravings are shown those of the two Rigi railways, which, with risings or inclines up to 26 deg., climb the Rigi, 5900 ft. in height—the one starting from the beautifully situated village of Vitznau; the other, from the idyllic village of Arth, passing through the débris of the fall of the Rossberg, which buried in 1806 the village of Goldau, together with six churches and chapels, and cost the lives of about five hundred men. The small Sketches, representing Tell's chapel and Schiller's monument, awake poetical and historical remembrances of that part of the land of William Tell, who, though his story is doubted by some critics, lives in the heart of the Swiss people, and has been made immortal by the poetic genius of Schiller.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

"The Last Shot in the Soudan" may or may not yet have been fired; but Mr. Woodville, in his drawing which has been copied in the Coloured Picture presented for our Extra Supplement, and which is "dedicated to our Australian allies," has treated the incident from that interesting point of view. One of the petty attacks made by detached bands of Osman Digna's followers on a marching column of British troops is repulsed by a few skirmishers of the Mounted Infantry, kneeling to fire in the foreground, while the main body halts for a quarter of an hour, till the enemy are driven from the road. The horses are held, two at a time, by a comrade remaining in the saddle; and the movement is directed by a staff-officer behind. Some clusters of hostile Arabs are still hanging on the side of the hill, but are evidently not disposed to come to close quarters.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, who was lately at Souakin with the army of General Sir Gerald Graham, contributes Sketches of the Lancers watering their horses at the Wells of Handoub; the building of the first advanced station on the line of railway from Souakin to Handoub, which has now been abandoned; and the performance of a native harper belonging to Sheik Mahmud Ali, the chief of a friendly tribe, for the amusement of some of our Guards. Sir Gerald Graham, with the officers of his Staff, arrived in England on Saturday last.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the *Chees* Editor.

J. S. (Inverness).—The mistake was ours in passing a Pawn for a Bishop. It was corrected in a note last week.

J. W. B. (Paignton).—Your solution of No. 2148 is acknowledged this week.

L. K. (Pisa).—You shall have a report on your problem, if possible, next week.

J. H. W. C. (Stratford).—Please refer to the note to E. L. G. in last week's Number.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2147 RECEIVED FROM C. P. (PATERSON, U.S.A.); OF NO. 2148 FROM REV. J. W. BROWN, R. J. G. L. K. HIRSCHL, EMILE FRAU; OF NO. 2149 FROM JAMES GRIFFITHS, EMILE FRAU, MANUEL SAMOZA HARTLEY (Frigate AUSTRIAS), A. H. W. GURNEY, R. INGERSOLL, E. E. SBYRY, C. OSWALD, L. FALCON (ANTWERP), N. S. HARRIS, W. J. RUDMAN, G. W. LAW, A. M. PORTER, M. O'HAIRAN, A. KARBERG (HAMBURG), G. SEYMOUR, J. WYMAN, C. W. MULSON, J. G. ANST. C. R. GRAY, H. BLACKLOCK, R. ROBINSON, H. REEVE, N. S. HARRIS, C. DARRAGH, H. LUCA, W. DEWESE, AND JAMES PIKLINGTON; OF M. MEISINGER'S SOLUTION FROM F. WEST; OF S. LÖYD'S PROBLEM FROM L. K. HIRSCHL.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2148.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to B 8th Any move 2. Mates accordingly.

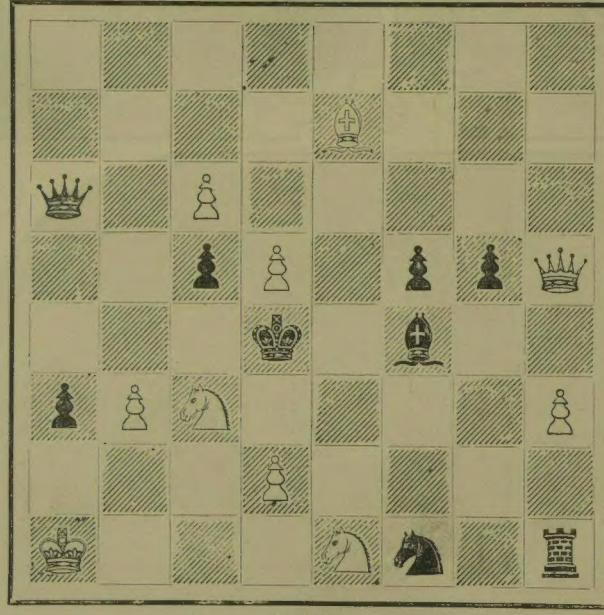
S. LÖYD'S PROBLEM.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to B 8th Any move 2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2152.

BY FRITZ HOFFMANN (MUNICH).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The proceedings of the first meeting of the British Chess Association commenced at noon on Monday last, the 15th inst., at Simpson's Divan, 101, Strand. Appended is a summary of the results of the play in the several tournaments up to Tuesday evening, when this part of the Paper was sent to press.

	Games Played.	Score.		Games Played.	Score.
Bird	4	4	MacDonnell	3	1½
Donisthorpe	3	3	Mortimer	3	2
De Soyres	4	2½	Mackeson	3	0
Guest	2	2	Pollock	4	1
Gunsberg	2	2	Rabson	3	0
Hewitt	2	1	Reeves	2	1
Loman	2	1	Rumboll	3	0
Mills	2	0	Wainwright	2	1

For the Poet-Laureate's prize there are six entries, and for the prize presented by Mr. Ruskin there are five competitors.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, June 17.

Now that Mr. Gladstone's resignation is accepted and Lord Salisbury is proceeding to form a Government, we are brought face to face with political conditions which threaten to greatly interfere with business, since, until the General Election, it is not possible to make sure what will be the foreign or the commercial policy of the next few years, while attention will be further diverted by the preparations for the election. Under these circumstances, money is increasingly difficult to employ, and three-months' bills are being discounted at 4 per cent per annum, while at times day-to-day loans are scarcely to be placed at all. This is in favour of new issues of a good class, and of such proved securities as are for one reason or another still cheap.

Hudson's Bay shares have somewhat improved on the report, as the accounts show that some dividend might have been paid had the directors not felt it necessary to carry forward a large balance in view of the unsettled state of their trade, due largely to the late "rising" among the Indians. The amount carried forward is equal to 10s. a share. But the absence of dividend is due to the reduction in net revenue resulting from the decline in the value of furs. As compared with a year ago, the prices obtained in January and March show a fall of 25 to 50 per cent in all but bear skins, which did not alter. The outfit thus realised yielded a profit of but £43,000, as compared with £130,217 last year.

Another great Canadian land company has also published its report for the past year—the Canada North-West Land Company, Limited. In this case, also, there is no dividend; but as it has long been known that land was being sold on but a small scale, no expectations existed under that head.

Beyond paying three dividends, each of 6d. per share, in 1881-2, the Consolidated Telephone Construction and Maintenance Company, Limited, have made no return to the shareholders; but it is now proposed to make an interim distribution of 5 per cent per annum. In consequence of the announcement to this effect, the shares have improved, and are now about 5. The United Telephone Company are to make the dividend up to 10 per cent for the past year, as compared with 8 per cent for 1883-4, 6 for 1882-3, and 5 for 1881-2.

Holders of East Indian Railway Deferred Annuities, who for the present are entitled to 4 per cent per annum and a fifth of surplus profits, are to receive 8s. 9d. per cent surplus for the half-year ending with December last. This compares with 1 per cent surplus for the corresponding half of 1883.

The Cape Copper quarterly dividend is 10s. per share, which is the lowest payment made for many years. The shares have £8 paid, and the liability is only up to £10. A few months ago their market value was £40; it is now £30.

The Chelsea Waterworks dividend is 8 per cent per annum, which, as it compares with 7½, shows the company to be unaffected by the questions raised as to what valuation the water rate should be levied on.

From a correspondence published by the directors of the East Argentine Railway Company, there is no immediate prospect of the purchase of the line by the Government being effected.

T. S.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1877), with three codicils (dated July 16, 1880; Feb. 27, 1883; and Nov. 24, 1884), of Mr. Frank John Moore, late of Woodcock Hill, in the parish of Northchurch, Herts, who died on April 16 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by Charles Oliver Bigg, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £108,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his trustees to invest for the purposes of the West Herts Infirmary; his plate to go as heirlooms with his mansion, Woodcock House; his household furniture and effects to the person who shall first become entitled to his real estate; and legacies to godchildren, servants, and others. All his real estate and the residue of the personality he settles upon Alexander Champion Streastfield, for life, with remainder to his eldest son, for life, with remainder to the first and every other son of the said eldest son successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. The testator provides that, if any person who is or shall become entitled to his said property be in holy orders, or a minister of any religious denomination, the property so settled shall go to the next person entitled.

Mr. Henry John Hotham, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, died on April 9 last, at San Remo, Italy, a bachelor, without parent, and intestate; and on the 29th ult. Letters of Administration of his personal estate were granted to the Rev. Frederick Harry Hotham, the brother, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 15, 1885), of Mr. William Richard Swainston, late of the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Mrs. Helen Swainston, the widow, and William John Swainston, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1883) of the Rev. George Currey, D.D., Master of the Charterhouse, who died on April 30 last, at the Master's Lodge, Charterhouse, was proved on the 8th inst. by William Robert Way and the Rev. Thomas William Gibson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to the Clergy Orphan Corporation; £100 each to the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the National Benevolent Institution, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the East London Hospital for Children, and Firs Home, Bournemouth; and legacies to servants, Charterhouse servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two daughters, Frances Georgina and Emma Augusta, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1878), with three codicils (dated Aug. 13, 1878; Feb. 26, 1883; and Jan. 8, 1885), of Mrs. Maria Burnley Bathoe (daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P.), late of No. 6, Cleveland-gardens, who died on Jan. 30 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Hans Sloane Stanley and James Hume Webster, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testatrix confirms the settlement made by her of the property left to her by her late husband. The trust funds under her marriage settlement she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Balfour, for life; at her death she gives thereout legacies to nephews, nieces, and others, amounting to £10,000; and the remainder of such trust funds to the grandchildren of her late father and mother, Joseph and Maria Hume. There are many pecuniary legacies, and very numerous specific bequests, including the bequest of the service of plate presented to her late father by the electors of Middlesex, to her nephew Arthur Errington Hume and his children; and the residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her niece and god-daughter, Marian Hume Greenhow and Constance Elizabeth Oxenden.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1880), with a codicil (dated Feb. 12, 1884), of the Very Rev. Joseph Williams Blakesley, B.D., Dean of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, who died on April 18 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by George Gisby and Miss Margaret Blakesley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate, exclusive of property in settlement, amounting to over £14,000. The testator gives legacies to his executors, sons, and butler; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, Mary, and Alicia. All gifts by will to his children are declared to be in addition to and not in substitution of the provision made for them by his marriage settlement, which he confirms.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1881), with a codicil (dated May 18, 1883), of Colonel the Hon. Ernest George Curzon, formerly of Aldershot, but late of Shorncliffe, who died on March 6 last, at Gibraltar, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Ernest Charles Penn Curzon and Robert Lothian William Curzon, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his trustees; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Augusta Latham Curzon, for life, and at her death for all his children.

Earl Beauchamp has again returned 20 per cent in cash on the rent of his agricultural tenants; and the Earl of Devon has signified to his county Limerick tenantry his intention of granting 10 per cent reduction on the half-year's rent.

Captain George Robinson has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year, rendered vacant by the promotion of Captain St. G. C. D'Arcy-Irvine to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

Mr. David Brynmor Jones has been appointed County Court Judge of Circuit No. 28 (Mid Wales), in succession to Judge Gwilym Williams, who has been transferred to Circuit No. 30 to fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of Judge B. T. Williams, Q.C.

The Mayor of Bradford presented publicly on the 12th inst. the honorary testimonial of the Royal Humane Society to James Cranstone, who on April 18 made a gallant attempt to rescue a child from drowning in the canal at Bradford. He is only fourteen, and had previously saved two lives.

An influential meeting was held on the 12th inst. at Prince's Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding, to promote the formation of a Gordon Camp for training poor boys for the Army. Cardinal Manning and the Earl of Shaftesbury were among the supporters of the scheme. The immediate object of the meeting was to strengthen an appeal which is intended to be made for the assistance of the Mansion House Gordon Memorial Committee, of which the Prince of Wales is chairman.

At the annual dinner, at Limmers' Hotel on the 13th inst., of the officers of the 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment (old 47th), there sat side by side, in the persons of Lieutenant-General Lowry, C.B., Captain N. G. Phillips, and Major Irby, the Captain, Lieutenant, and Ensign of the same company, who had crossed the Alma with it on Sept. 20, 1854. Captain Phillips was wounded, and Major Irby lost a leg at the battle.



1. Building the first railway station on the Handoub road.

2. Sheikh Mahmoud Ali's harper amusing some of the Guards.

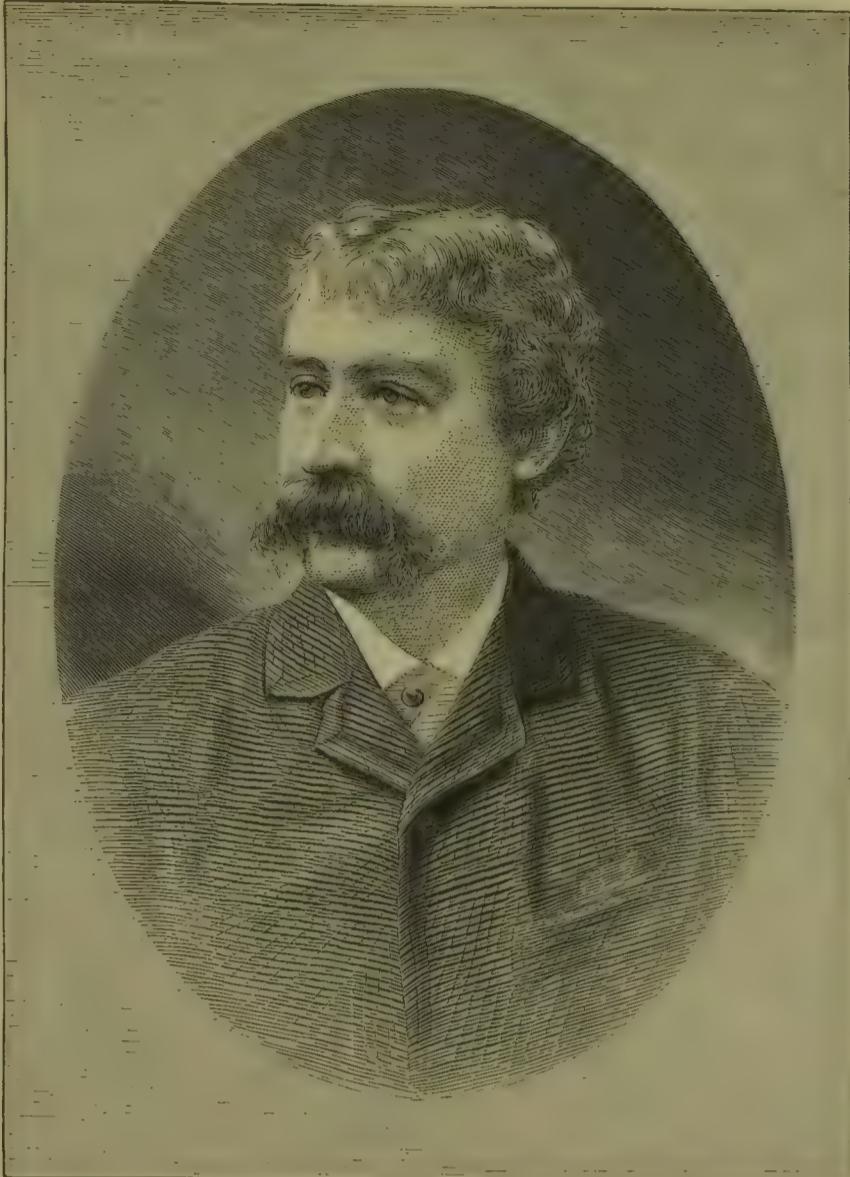
3. Wells at Handoub: Lancers watering horses.

SKETCHES FROM SOUAKIM, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

BRET HARTE.

The name of "Bret Harte" is a household word of delightful acceptance in England as well as in America, being associated with the authorship of many popular writings in prose and verse. Our readers will be pleased to know that this clever and successful author has written, for us and for them, the new story of "Maruja," which composes the entire Summer Number of the *Illustrated London News* of this year, and which is enriched by the valuable illustrations of Mr. R. C. Woodville. Mr. Bret Harte's position as American Consul, man of letters, and man of the world is perhaps unique in this country, where he has made personally as many friends as he has found admirers of his talent and genius. Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, in New York State, in the year 1839. From his father, a graduate of Union College and Professor of Greek at Albany, he received the classical education and teaching to which he is no doubt indebted for the purity and correctness of his style; from his mother, a descendant of the old Knickerbocker families, he inherited the courtesy and elegance of his manner, which the rough adventurous existence of his youth was unable to obliterate. That existence, with its varied experiences and picturesque hardships, is too well known and has been too accurately reflected in Bret Harte's literary work to require more than a passing mention; nor is it necessary to dwell at any length on those first marvellous tales which revealed to the world at once a new country and a new celebrity.

Bret Harte is known in all civilised countries as the author of the "Heathen Chinee" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp." He has been editor and founder of a successful magazine, and has been Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of California. He has served his country during the civil war, and in time of peace; indeed, he had achieved fame and reputation at an age when the ordinary run of men have not yet tried their power. It may be more interesting to follow him in his later career, in the years which have been almost entirely passed in Europe. In 1878 Bret Harte was appointed American Consul at Crefeld, in Germany, and during a two-years' stay in that city he found time,

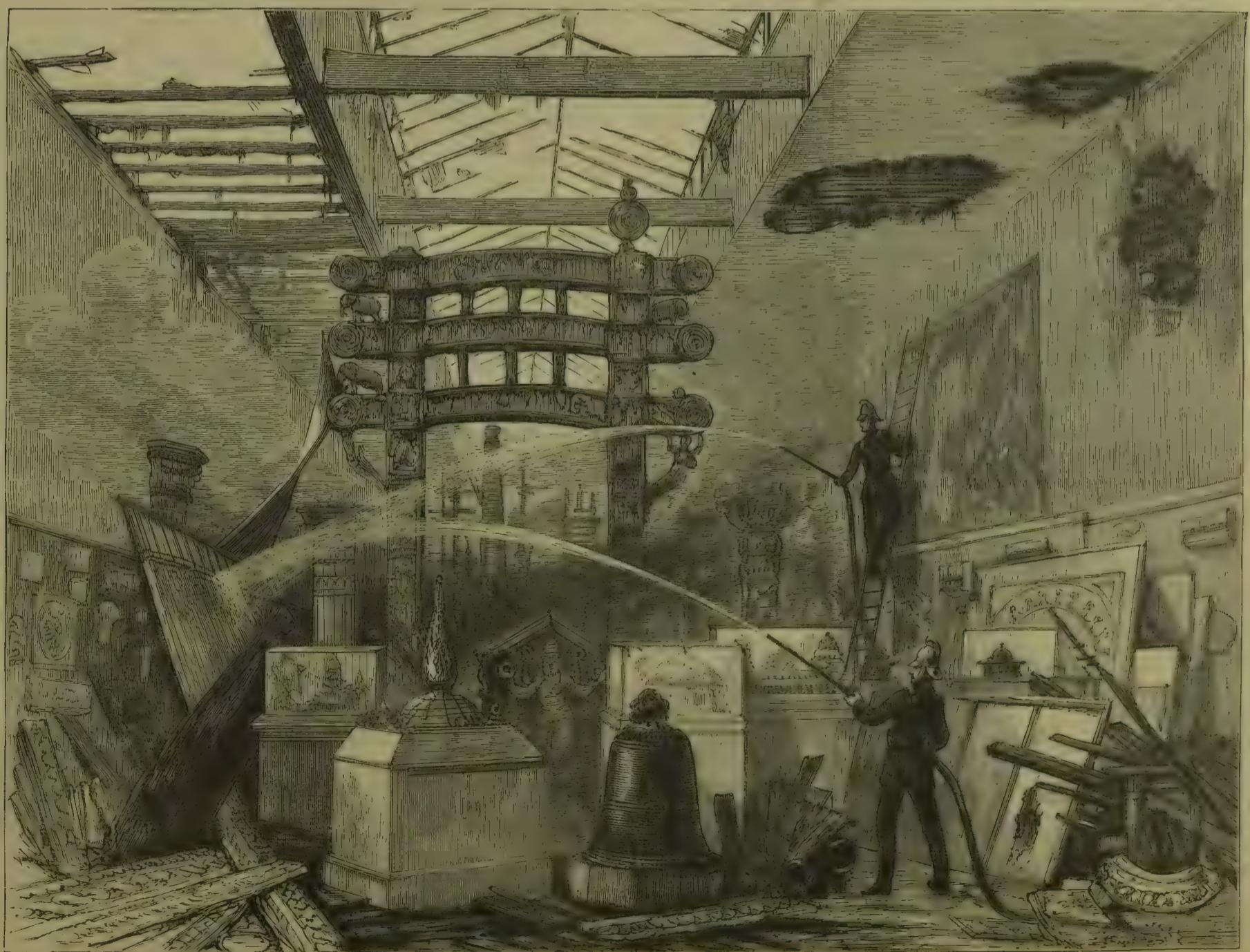


MR. FRANCIS BRET HARTE, THE AMERICAN POET AND NOVELIST,
AUTHOR OF "MARUJA," IN THE SUMMER NUMBER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

while faithfully discharging duties new to his life and habits, to write the long poem of "A Legend of Cologne," and the tales of "The Twins of Table Mountain," "An Heiress of Red Dog," "A German Spion," "Peter Schröder," and "A Gentleman of Laporte." In recognition of his services, he was transferred—much to the regret of the German friends he had made—to the more important Consular post of Glasgow. For a while he seemed to allow his pen to rest; but before the world had had time to mourn over a too protracted silence, he once more brilliantly contributed to contemporary literature in the same vein of rich humour and deep pathos essentially his own, and some of those later stories have been universally acknowledged to be among the best and most powerful he ever wrote. *Belyaria*, *Longmans' Magazine*, Macmillan's *Illustrated Magazine*, have in turns and almost consecutively published "Found at Blazing Star," "Flip," "In the Carquinez Woods," "A Blue Grass Penelope," "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," "Sarah Walker," "A Ship of '49," "The Mission of San Carmel," and "An Apostle of the Tules." Bret Harte has made himself, in American literature, not the accomplished imitator of European types and styles, but the most original and effective truly American author; he is not the less highly esteemed by readers in this country. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street.

Collections were on Sunday made on behalf of the London Hospitals and Dispensaries in the churches and chapels of the metropolis and its suburbs.

The Class-List in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos was issued last Saturday morning. The first wrangler is Mr. Arthur Berry, of King's; the second, Mr. Augustus Love, of St. John's; and the third, Mr. Herbert Richmond, of King's. There are two lady wranglers—Miss M. E. Rickett and Miss Blanche Hewett, both of Newnham. Miss O. Dymond, Miss A. Barrington, and Miss B. M. Villy are Senior Optimes; and Miss L. M. E. Barrett, Miss A. B. Murray, Miss L. C. Price, and Miss S. Cunningham are Junior Optimes. The two lady wranglers' names were greatly cheered.



THE FIRE AT THE INDIAN MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



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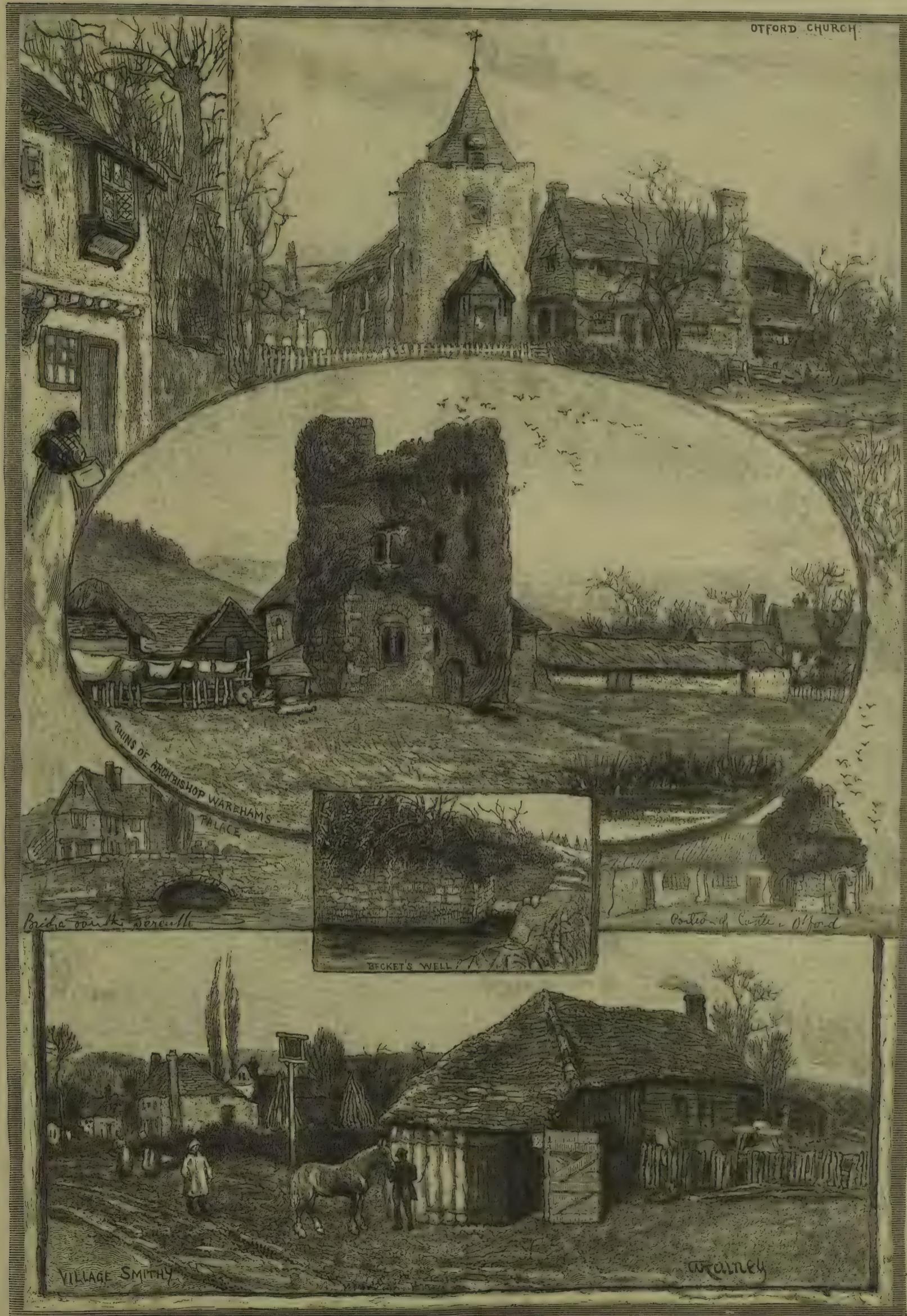
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A SUMMER SUMMARY.

I cannot fancy that the Tennysonian idlers who lazed and lounged, with their mild-eyed melancholy, in the languid Lotos-land, where it seemed always afternoon,—I cannot imagine that they could appreciate Summer; appreciate it, that is to say, as it thoroughly deserves to be appreciated. I think that no one could do so who lives in a land where there is perpetual summer; those “lands of lasting summer” of Tennyson’s “Boadicea,” where there is the “eternal summer” of “Don Juan,” with the “eternal sunshine” mentioned in “The Deserted Village.” I imagine that, to obtain the fullest and keenest idea of the rare delights of Summer, we must first have passed through those three other seasons of Autumnal decay—fall of the leaf, fogs, and mists—bleak, snow-crowned, hail-driven Winter—and a Spring like to that which we have had in this present year of grace, with its perilous, treacherous weather, its Eastertide east winds, its “ethereal mildness” changed to May’s real wildness, and its gentle zephyrs reminding us of Hood’s lines concerning the blows of Spring the prize-fighter.

When we have passed through these seasonable and unseasonable changes, then we are in a position really to appreciate the exquisite joys of summer—summer in all its glory—summer in all its heat—and summer in what I may be permitted to call its wealth of verdant greenery. To lounge on the mossy grass, screened from the summer sun, under the fretted arches of the green boughs, and to look out from the dense, cool shade, on the widespread landscape blinking in the heat; while, like the poet Keats, we can listen darkling to the glad nightingale singing “of summer in full-throated ease,” we are then in a better condition of mind to appreciate the charms of summer than are those who have had no recent reminiscences of biting spring winds, or of freezing winter gales.

I suppose that when the “child of the sun, resplendent Summer,” makes us his annual visit, that we ought to get up at unearthly hours in the morning, and go out to meet him as he comes to us smiling over the eastern hills. I suppose that we ought to make it a conscientious duty, regularly and systematically, to take an early morning walk in summer, when the hedges are garlanded with roses and honeysuckles; and the air is odorous with the scent of clover and bean-blossom; and the buttercups and daisies and wild flowers “do paint the meadows with delight”; and the corn is ripening towards the harvest; and the golden glories of the gorse and broom burnish the green commons, over which the geese are trooping in solemn file; and the ferns and foxgloves are garnishing the banks and woodsides; and the white water-lilies, with their glossy palette-shaped leaves, tremble on the surface of the pool in which the cattle are standing knee-deep. I suppose that we ought to rise early and see these beauties of Nature in their dewy freshness, before the heat of the noonday sun has parched them with its drought.

Perhaps Thomson may have done so, once or twice in his life, to supply himself with poetic material wherewith to point his diatribe against the “falsely luxurious” man who will not spring “from the bed of sloth” to see the sun rise on a summer’s morning. Yet those familiar lines were penned by the self-same poet whose indolence was so great that he was seen, in Lord Lyttelton’s garden at Hagley, with hands in his pocket, leaning against a wall to eat a peach. But he gave us the best and completest summary of summer that has been written in English blank verse—with the varying events of the summer day—the summer insects—the hay-making and sheep-shearing—the song of the nightingale—summer in the torrid zone—the thunderstorms, meteors, and sundry summer scenes, sports, and occupations. Yes, with his “Castle of Indolence,” and “the pleasing land of Drowsy-head,” with its day-dreams “for ever flashing round a summer sky,” Thomson could appreciate summer; and his poem on that season is the best of the series.

Years after Thomson’s “Seasons” had achieved fame, a fellow-workman lent the volume to a working shoemaker in a London garret; and, fired with emulation, Robert Bloomfield, from the personal recollections of a few years in his own life, told, in melodious verse, the true history of a Farmer’s Boy during the four seasons of the year. Seated, with six or seven other workmen, in that London garret (14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street), Bloomfield thought out his verses, stored them in his memory, and at night committed them to paper. There could be no greater triumph over circumstances than this. John Clare’s exquisite descriptions of rural scenes were written with those scenes before his eyes; but it was from his powers of memory that Bloomfield, in a squalid London garret, surrounded with the prosaic belongings of a working shoemaker, could paint the minutiae of country life with freshness and fidelity. His “Summer,” as in the case of Thomson, is perhaps the best of the four divisions of his work.

Summer comes to us, as usual; but times and manners are altered. Nowadays, the Vicar of Wakefield’s daughters do not “go in” for haymaking, but are contented to get such a general idea of the proceedings in their father’s glebe as may be witnessed from the tennis-lawn in the Vicarage garden. Nor do the Squire’s sons care to exchange the intellectually athletic pastimes of tennis, cricket, and lacrosse, for the dull, mechanical process of turning over swathes of newly-cut grass, with the chance of a passing flirtation with an aesthetic amateur in kid gloves and a sunshade, or a genuine rustic beauty whose hands and “innocent nose” are getting tanned and blistered by many hours’ continuous exposure to a broiling sun in the dog-days. Both Thomson and Bloomfield depict such a buxom haymaker: the former, poetically; the latter, more truly and graphically. Such a time of year, and such a period of life, with such an occupation, may be truly termed the Hay-day of existence.

On such a summer’s day, as we take a country walk, or ride, or drive, we—we, at least, of the male persuasion—envy the airily-clad rustics in their shirt-sleeves, the costume that Shaw, the valiant Life Guardsman, told the Duke of Wellington he should wish to wear, if he ever had to fight another Battle of Waterloo on a hot June day. As the author of “The Farmer’s Boy” says,

Summer’s light garb it-self now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down.

We envy, too, our faithful companion the dog, who inconveniently jumps into the roadside brook or pool, and there refreshes himself with a delicious bath at frequent intervals, and emerges, wet and dripping, to pursue his panting course. We, too, should be glad to avail ourselves of an al fresco bath; but it is one thing to wear a suit from Poole’s, and another to be able, with impunity, to wash your only suit in pools as often as they are met with in your summer rambles in the country. We should like to follow our dog’s example; but, suitable open-air places for such a purpose are not readily found; and, as we have not made any provision for such an event, we do not care to avail ourselves of a plunge in the tempting purring stream, and to dry ourselves upon its bank, using the sun as a bathing-towel.

Together with the days of chivalry, the poetic days are past and gone, when the young and lovely Musidora could retire to the woodland pool, and there divest herself of the silken

stockings with which the poet endowed her, and also of those other “troublesome disguises that we wear”—as said the author of “Paradise Lost”—and, then and there, take her summer bath, and “taste the lucid coolness of the flood,” risking the chance of being discovered by any love-stricken Damon. That was a “summer” episode, and a Midsummer-day’s dream, that has given at least one famous line to posterity—“So stands the statue that enchants the world.” But, nowadays, when bed-room baths are happily in vogue, the modern Musidora is not reduced to such a strait; and she can also visit a fashionable watering-place, where, in the newest thing in bathing costumes, she can step from her machine into the curling waves, and, with “the odour of brine from the ocean,” fulfil the poet’s description,

Now beneath the wave
But ill-concealed, and now with streaming locks
That half-embrace her in a humid veil,
Rising again.

Thus, laving herself, we will here “lave her”—as Paddy would say; a cool proceeding on a hot summer’s day.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: OTFORD.

One of the most charming spots within thirty miles of London is Otford, in West Kent, in the valley of the Darent. This district also presents many objects of antiquarian interest. The river, in a course of four miles, passes as many castles; you may see, as you walk up the valley, that of Eynesford, Lullingstone Castle, what little remains of Shoreham Castle, and the Palace of Archbishop Warham, known as Otford Castle. Where this valley opens out into the more extensive one of Holmsdale, is situated the village of Otford, an ancient village, as full of interest to the archaeologist as to the artist.

It requires, no doubt, a considerable stretch of imagination for the man whose mind is completely occupied with the things of the present to carry his thoughts back to the year 773; in that year, the Saxon chroniclers say, a great battle was fought here, between Offa, King of Mercia, and the King of Kent. The army of the latter was entirely routed, and the King himself was taken prisoner. Again, in the year 1016, another terrible conflict took place, when Edmund Ironside overtook the Danes at Otford, and with fearful slaughter drove them before him as far as the village of Aylesford.

Many relics of those ancient times have come to light; the ploughshare has unearthed the bones of deceased warriors; and, when a cutting for the South-Eastern Railway was made in this neighbourhood, skeletons were found with weapons of warfare beside them.

Taking a leap forward into the twelfth century, we find Otford the country residence of Thomas à Becket, after his accession to the See of Canterbury. As may be supposed, there are many traditions connecting him with the place. They still point out Becket’s Well, the spot where, like Moses of old, the sainted prelate is said to have struck his staff, and behold! a stream of living water gushed forth. We are also told that, on one occasion, the village blacksmith made some default in shoeing the Archbishop’s mare, for which he received a saintly malediction; and since that time no smith has flourished in the village. But it seems to us that the son of Vulcan has got his revenge at last; for, on peeping into the Castle tower, our Artist found that the very Archepiscopal palace itself had been turned into a smithy. Moreover, the present blacksmith is by no means an unsuccessful man; for he has been immortalised by Otto Weber in his picture of “The Casting of the Shoe.” The blacksmith, however, has been carried away by the spirit of the times, and has modernised the aspect of his smithy since Weber painted it.

As you stand opposite the smithy, you have a good view of the village, which consists of but one street half a mile in length. Look at those cottages opposite, without a bit of fencing to protect their gardens, the great red roses fairly sprawling over the pathway, and those lying right away back among the hops. What a picture they make, with the tall poplars and the hills beyond! There are few scenes more pleasing than such a village-street as this, with perhaps a waggon crawling along, a labourer in his smock-frock, a group of gossiping women, or mischievous boys, and some bent, grey-headed old father of the village with feeble step tottering out into the sunshine.

As you go down toward the river, you will find several picturesque cottages, and, just by the bridge, a row of old poplars, some of which have fallen; but they are sturdy old fellows, and though laid low, snapped off at the roots, and with trunks decayed, they will not give up life, but sprout out afresh in all directions.

And now turn back up the street to the “Bull Inn.” No English village is perfect unless it possess a good old inn, and here is one, truly English. The inside is better than the outside, and there is an intelligent hostess who can tell you many interesting things. Here you will find some Gothic chimneypieces and elaborately carved woodwork, taken from the Castle when it was dismantled.

Having allowed you time for a crust of bread and a glass of ale, we must be off to have a look at the church and castle. The former is a very picturesque object seen from the village green or from any point of view. Its old tower and shingle spire are most characteristic. Here, we are told, in the quiet little churchyard, Herbert Schmalz painted his first exhibited picture, “Sunshine and Shadow.”

Passing out of the churchyard by a little gate, you can walk round the Castle and take in its aspect from every point of view. As we observed, the tower is used as a smithy. The rest of the ancient palace has been converted into farm-buildings; and it is curious to note how strangely the old and new are jumbled together: here a tower surmounted by a pigeon-house, and there richly carved walls capped with a roof of thatch.

With one more look at castle and church in the fading light of evening, we turn toward the railway-station, musing on things old and new.

W. R.

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RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA.

There is no further excuse for our insular English ignorance, which favours so much bitter prejudice and causeless antipathy, with regard to the Russian Empire in Asia. Ample and precise information has been furnished in the books of recent English travellers, who have tested by their personal observation the truth of authoritative Russian accounts. They have compiled minute statistics upon every subject concerning the vast territories, inhabited by a relatively small population, comprised in the dominion of Alexander III. beyond the Ural. One of the most useful works of this kind was that of an American, Eugene Schuyler, published in 1877. It has been followed by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D., an English clergyman, with two important publications, the first of which appeared in 1882. He has frequently visited different parts of Russia, upon a voluntary errand of religious charity, with the simple purpose of distributing Bibles, New Testaments, and evangelical tracts, in various languages, for the use of inmates of prisons, hospitals, barracks, and similar institutions. It is much to the credit of the Russian Government that Dr. Lansdell has had every facility allowed him for this good work; and his prudence in conducting it, with his discreet and upright behaviour in every respect, preserved him the friendly regard of official persons. In 1879, he went all over the habitable parts of Siberia, West and East, from Tiumen and Tobolsk to Tomsk, Krasnoiarsk, and Barnaul, to Irkutsk, and on to Kiakhta, Chita, and Nikolaeftsk on the Sea of Okhotsk. We reviewed his book, “Through Siberia,” about two years ago, expressing our confidence in the truth of its statements, particularly with regard to the management of the Russian convict prisons, most of which he had personally inspected. It is our belief that the whole system of penal transportation and servitude in Siberia is now incomparably better than was formerly that maintained by the British Government in New South Wales, Van Diemen’s Land, and Norfolk Island. Siberia itself is by no means a land of suffering and despair, but it has, like Canada, a wide temperate zone capable of prosperous colonisation. It is a more ancient possession of Russia than the date of any of the North American British dominions, and is now in the way of being made a valuable part of the civilised world.

In August, 1882, Dr. Lansdell was again at Tiumen, the first important town beyond the Ural boundary of Europe, directly east of Perm, intending to make his way southward into Turkestan or Central Asia. He proceeded to Omisk, on the Irtish, and up that river to Semipalatinsk, where the fresh and original interest of his observations seems to begin. They are presented in two new volumes, entitled “Russian Central Asia,” with maps, plenty of engravings, and copious appendices, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. These contain not only his modest and agreeable personal narrative of long and devious journeys, and descriptions of many places and many races of people, but a great amount of pertinent and accurately studied knowledge, historical, geographical, and statistical, much of it drawn from Russian treatises and special reports, with scientific accounts, revised by eminent authorities, of the botany, zoology, geology, and meteorology of that region.

Dr. Lansdell is not a politician, and is chary of passing judgment on the merits of Russian government; but he seems an independent and impartial observer of facts; and the general impression made by his notices of a great variety of social incidents, and the results of official administration, is decidedly favourable. The superior governing persons, to whom he bore introductions from St. Petersburg, are of high character and ability, who bestow as much care on the improvement of the motley Asiatic populations as is compatible with their military police system; and it cannot be doubted that their rule in Turkestan is a beneficial change from the atrocious barbarism which it has superseded. Amidst the furious outcry that we lately heard against what is called Russian aggression, particularly with regard to Khiva, many English writers and speakers seemed unaware that neither Khiva nor Bokhara has yet been annexed; and the vile condition of those native States, under their despotic Khans, is a significant contrast to the good order and growing prosperity of the provinces incorporated with the Russian Empire. The Khans are merely reduced to political vassalage.

Before, however, reaching the confines of Turkestan, our author had to pass from the north through Semirechinsk or Semirechia, east and south-east of the Balkash Lake, skirting the mountain ranges of Chinese Tartary, and he visited Kuldja, on the Ili river, a territory which Russia held for a time only, while the Chinese rule in Kashgar was interrupted by a Mussulman revolution. He has much to tell us of the Kirgheses and the Kalmucks, the nomad pastoral tribes in those parts of Central Asia; but it is when he approaches the Syr Daria (the ancient Jaxartes), and reaches Tashkend, the head-quarters of Russian administration in Turkestan, that we find his remarks assume more political importance. The Syr Daria, with the chain of forts along its banks from the Sea of Aral, was the path by which Russian conquest, not without much provocation, slowly advanced from 1847 until the annexation of the Khanate of Khokand in 1876. This act had been preceded, in 1868, by the capture of Samarcand, taken from the Khan of Bokhara, and of the fertile Zarafshan district, which now form, with the adjacent province called Ferghana, including Khokand, the most thriving portion of Russian Central Asia.

Dr. Lansdell is no apologist for Imperial aggrandisement, and pronounces no opinion respecting the morality of these acts; but they appear to be as much justified as similar measures adopted in India during the past half century, and have manifestly been conducive to civilisation. The Princes of the three Turkish Khanates deserve as little sympathy as any barbarous and debauched tyrants on earth; the capital of each was a den of robbers and a slave-market for the traffic in thousands of kidnapped victims, and they favoured marauding excursions on every side. The populations, of course principally Mussulman, are so mixed of different races, owing to successive wars and conquests and the carrying away of captive multitudes, that the claims of national independence are difficult to be assigned. These reflections are our own, not Dr. Lansdell’s; but he found nothing to excite his indignation, as a liberal-minded Englishman, in the substitution of Russian for the Turkish Governments. “After seeing,” he says, “Bokhara and Khiva under Asiatic rulers, and Tashkend and Samarcand under Europeans, I should be false to my convictions if I withheld my opinion that the natives have been gainers by Russian conquest.” He gives us a chapter on the Turkoman oases and Merv, though he was not able to reach that place from the Oxus; and, while suspending or reserving his judgment upon certain political questions, is content to remark, “Now that Merv is annexed, if there are any who would rather see it revert to its old condition of lawlessness, slavery, and blood, I confess I am not of the number.” From Khiva, in the month of November, crossing the Desert westward to the Caspian, and embarking at Krasnovodsk for Batoum, he came home by Tiflis and Odessa. We are indebted to him, this second time, for an interesting, trustworthy, and instructive book, upon a topic of which it is desirable that the truth should be known.

NEW BOOKS.

It was Macaulay who called "Don Quixote" "the best novel in the world beyond all comparison"; it is also the most popular novel, and, with the exception of the Bible, the book that has had the widest circulation. The charm of this masterpiece of fiction is to be found in its humour and in the wisdom that is akin to humour. It is at once the most national of romances, and the most universal; and it does not surprise us that in these days of active literary labour, new translations of the work should appear in English. In spite of what has been done hitherto, there is ample room for a version that shall be at once accurate and idiomatic. The latest adventurer in this field is Mr. John Ormsby, and the first volume of a new translation, in four volumes, of *Don Quixote*, by *Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra* (Smith, Elder), is now before us. Mr. Ormsby is known as a translator of "The Poem of the Cid"; and, in a highly attractive introduction, he shows by no faint indications that he has mastered the literature of his subject, and understands how the work of a consummate humourist like Cervantes should be "turned" in a foreign tongue. He states frankly that there can be no thoroughly satisfactory translation of "Don Quixote" into English or any other language. "It is not that the Spanish idioms are so utterly unmanageable, or that the untranslatable words—numerous enough, no doubt—are so superabundant, but rather that the sententious terseness to which the humour of the book owes its flavour is peculiar to Spanish, and can at best be only distantly imitated in any other tongue." That Mr. Ormsby will succeed in producing a *Don Quixote* worthy of the subject must be the wish as well as the belief of every reader of the elaborate and masterly essay prefixed to the translation. No doubt the racy flavour of Elizabethan English, which makes *Shelton's* inaccurate version so attractive, suits the history of the knight errant better than the English of our day. The romance carries us into an old world, and is all the better for an antique dress. It would be affectation, however, in a translator to adopt an artificial style. Mr. Ormsby must write like his contemporaries, and it is enough that the language he employs is manly and unaffected. We may add that the form in which the edition is produced makes it worthy of a place in every library.

It is an obvious remark that married people play "very different parts on the stage of their mundane existence" from people who live and die in single blessedness, but this rather commonplace observation supplies the Rev. James Copier with an excuse for publishing a book, entitled *Sketches of Celibate Worthies* (London Literary Society). It is a most unobjectionable volume. If the writer have nothing new to say of Queen Elizabeth, Horace, Erasmus, Virgil, Sir Isaac Newton, Kant, Bishop Butler, Cowper, Father Mathew, Dr. Thomas Brown, Robert Dick, and Hannah More, all he does say is expressed in a liberal and kindly spirit. The medley of names is curious, and there is evidently no object in linking them together beyond the fact that they are the names of bachelors and spinsters. Two or three of the papers appear to have been originally written for lectures, and as lectures they may have proved attractive, but in none of them is there that weight of matter or charm of style which can justify publication in a volume. Nothing could well be feebler and thinner than the essay upon Cowper; Emanuel Kant is treated as superficially; and the account of Bishop Butler is inadequate. As a volume for light reading, however, the "Sketches" will yield some amusement and instruction.

We are promised before long a *Dictionary of Hymnology*. Meanwhile the Rev. James King has published a remarkable volume, entitled *Anglican Hymnology*, being an account of the 325 standard hymns of the highest merit according to the verdict of the whole Anglican Church (Hatchards). Mr. King tells us in his introduction how he has worked out this result. In the English language there are about 20,000 hymns and versions of the Psalms, composed by 1500 authors. Many of these are, of course, very poor; many, perhaps, wholly worthless. Mr. King wanted a test of excellence, and undertook the labour of collating fifty-two representative hymnals used in the Church of England at home and abroad. "The fifty-two were regarded as a committee, each member of which could, as it were, give one vote for each approved hymn. Thus, if a hymn was found in fifteen hymnals, then it was credited with fifteen votes or marks of approval; if found in twenty hymnals, twenty marks; if in thirty hymnals, thirty marks; if in fifty hymnals, fifty marks, and so on." In this curious exploration Mr. King discovered that not a single hymn is to be found in all the fifty-two hymnals, and that of the twenty thousand hymns from which selection can be made, only 325 are found in fifteen hymnals and upwards. Pursuing his plan, the writer ranks all hymns found in thirty selections and upwards in the first rank, all hymns found in twenty hymnals but in less than thirty in the second rank, and all hymns found in fifteen hymnals and upwards, and in fewer than twenty, in the third rank. Mr. King's account of the 325 hymns drawn out from the mass by this ingenious method is full of interest, and the amount of carefully collected information stored up in his volume will be appreciated by every reader who finds the subject attractive. We cannot, however, agree altogether with the assertion that "the verdict of fifty-two hymnals towers high above individual opinion, inasmuch as they represent the voice of the whole Anglican Church." The Church, it may be granted, has accepted certain hymnals which contain certain hymns; but it has accepted these selections as a whole, and not because they contain particular hymns—the choice in a large number of instances of individual editors. Moreover, the presence of what may be called popular hymns in the larger number of hymnals is a proof of public favour rather than of quality, and does not necessarily entitle them to be placed in the first rank. Indeed, it can scarcely be doubted that of the 110 hymns placed in accordance with Mr. King's arrangement in the second rank, several, if intrinsic merit be the test, deserve a place in the first.

Professor Henry Morley deserves the thanks of all readers for printing in his "Universal Library" *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, His Gentleman Usher (Routledge and Sons). Not only is the little volume of interest from its association with Shakespeare, who, there can be no doubt, made use of it when writing his "Henry VIII.," but its intrinsic value is also very great. A vivid picture of the famous Cardinal, and also of the age, is presented in these pages. And it is a picture as strange as it is vivid. We see the ambitious churchman "in his time of authority and glory, when he had more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession," and we see him in his fall, lamenting that he had not served God as diligently as he had done the King. How thoroughly he understood the character of the master towards whom he exhibited to the last a loyalty that in our days seems servile, may be seen in the following estimate given by the Cardinal on his death-bed. "He is sure a Prince of a Royal courage, and hath a Princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees the space of an hour or two to persuade him from his will and appetite,

but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom!" Almost every page of the narrative shows the difference between that age and ours. The Cardinal delighted in outward splendour. In travelling from place to place a great number of gentlemen in black velvet livery coats, and "with great chains of gold about their necks," followed in his train. His sumpter mules and carriages were guarded by bowmen. "He rode like a Cardinal, very sumptuously on a mule trapped with crimson velvet upon velvet. And before him he had his two great crosses of silver, two great pillars of silver, the great seal of England, his Cardinal's hat, and a gentleman that carried his valaunce, otherwise called a cloak-bag, which was made altogether of fine scarlet cloth, embroidered over and over with cloth of gold very richly." Sometimes a canopy was borne over him, and his gentlemen ushers cried, "On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace." If Wolsey travelled ostentatiously, so also did he love splendour in feasting his friends. Indeed, when in France, his hospitality was so great that we are told "many of the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds." Cooks in the present day are often paid better than gentlemen; but the Cardinal had a master cook who went daily in damask satin or velvet, with a chain of gold about his neck. In old days, it will be remembered, our physicians carried a cane with a gold box at the head of it containing some antidote against infection; the Cardinal carried "a very fair orange whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilential airs." Another characteristic of the man and of the age is the ready way in which tears are shed in public without that sense of shame that would be felt nowadays; but, indeed, the whole story of the ambitious Cardinal presents a state of society utterly unlike our own. A poem by Thomas Churchyard, called "The Tragedy of Cardinal Wolsey," follows the biography of Cavendish. It cannot be said to add to the value of the book.

It is scarcely a paradox to say that London is of all cities that of which Londoners know the least. Its inhabitants are amongst the diligent of the world in exploring foreign towns and countries, and to aid them have at their command some of the best guide-books published; but should a Londoner desire to learn something outside the circle of his own daily life about the city in which he spends the greater part of the year he must have recourse to *Baedeker*, or some other equally intelligent foreigner. The country visitor to London is even in a worse plight, for unless he relies wholly upon the advertisements in the daily papers, and limits his experiences to the attractions of the moment, he can learn little of the capital and its ways of living. A little volume just published, *London of To-day*, by Mr. C. Eyre Pascoe (Sampson Low and Marston), proposes to serve as "a guide, philosopher, and friend" to dwellers in and visitors to London with a fulness of information hitherto unattempted. It would be impossible to give in a brief notice even an epitome of the contents of this exceedingly useful volume, which not only sketches the principal changes which have taken place in London during the present century, but, as occasion requires, traces back the origin of existing institutions and buildings to much remoter periods. To the visitor who comes to see the sights, Mr. Pascoe tells him where to find them, how to enjoy them, and at what cost he can see them. He describes the "events of the season," the resources of the suburbs, and has plenty of gossip about the streets, the public places, and the people who frequent them, and the names of those with whom they were in times past associated. The book is fully illustrated, is written in a chatty tone, and will be cordially welcomed, not only by our "country cousins," but by their London hosts, who not unfrequently are very much puzzled how to do the honours of the "sights of London."

Under the title of *Holy Living*, a Year-Book of Thoughts has been compiled from the works of Jeremy Taylor, with an introduction by Archdeacon Farrar (Marcus Ward and Co.). This, it will be remembered, is the name given by the Bishop to one of his most popular and valuable works, and it seems therefore a pity that it should be appropriated to a selection taken from his writings generally. It is well, however, when, as in the present case, the fault-finding of a reviewer ends with the title of his book. In the quality of the contents, as well as in the form of publication, this beautiful volume ought to satisfy the most exacting critic. Taylor ranks with the greatest of our prose writers; with the wealthiest in fancy and the weightiest in thought. His ample rhetoric would overpower him, and the reader might be tempted to exclaim with Hamlet, "Words, words!" were it not that his intellect is as profound as it is discursive, and that his great learning and mastery of language are turned to practical account. Sound good sense is, indeed, as much one of Taylor's characteristics, as versatility of fancy, and this may be seen in the most devotional of his writings. Another characteristic is his love of Nature, and the art with which he draws illustrations from the natural objects around him. He writes on the most serious of topics—but to be with Taylor is to be always in cheerful company. The greatest of his contemporaries was John Milton. They were alike in their love of learning, in their appreciation of literature, and in their love of freedom. Taylor may have read the "Arcopagitica" with delight, and Milton, though probably with less pleasure, "The Liberty of Prophesying," which appeared three years later; but political and ecclesiastical differences made an impassable gulf between these men, and neither of them in his copious writings mentions the name of the other. It is interesting, however, to remember that there was one link between the Puritan poet and the chaplain of Charles I. Lady Alice Egerton, a beautiful girl of fifteen, acted the part of the lady in "Comus," at Ludlow Castle, in 1631. She married Jeremy Taylor's friend the Earl of Carberry, and it was her death that led Taylor to dedicate his "Holy Dying" to her husband. The "Holy Living" and the "Holy Dying" are Taylor's popular masterpieces; but, though less read, "The Liberty of Prophesying" is equally memorable; and, indeed, there is nothing in the fifteen volumes of his works that will not reward the thoughtful reader.

Comparative archaeology follows, as a natural course, the road which has been opened up by the study of philology and mythology. If archaeology is to assert its position as a science instead of remaining the pleasant hunting-ground of the dilettanti, the *Traité d'Archéologie comparée*, par M. Adrien Wagnon (Paris: Rothschild, 1885), worthily inaugurates this new departure, and is fittingly dedicated to M. Perrot. There is, in fact, scarcely a thought expressed by M. Wagnon, of which the germ cannot be traced in one or other of M. Perrot's three works. We do not for a moment charge M. Wagnon with plagiarism, of which his frank admission of his indebtedness wholly exonerates him; but we mean that his mind is one rather fertile than inventive. The aim of both writers is to prove that comparative archaeology finally disposes of the once-boasted claim of Greek art to be original. Delicate in idea, complete in execution, it was; but wholly autochthonic, born Athene-like, full-grown, it was not; and of late years, from the eagerness with which this later school of

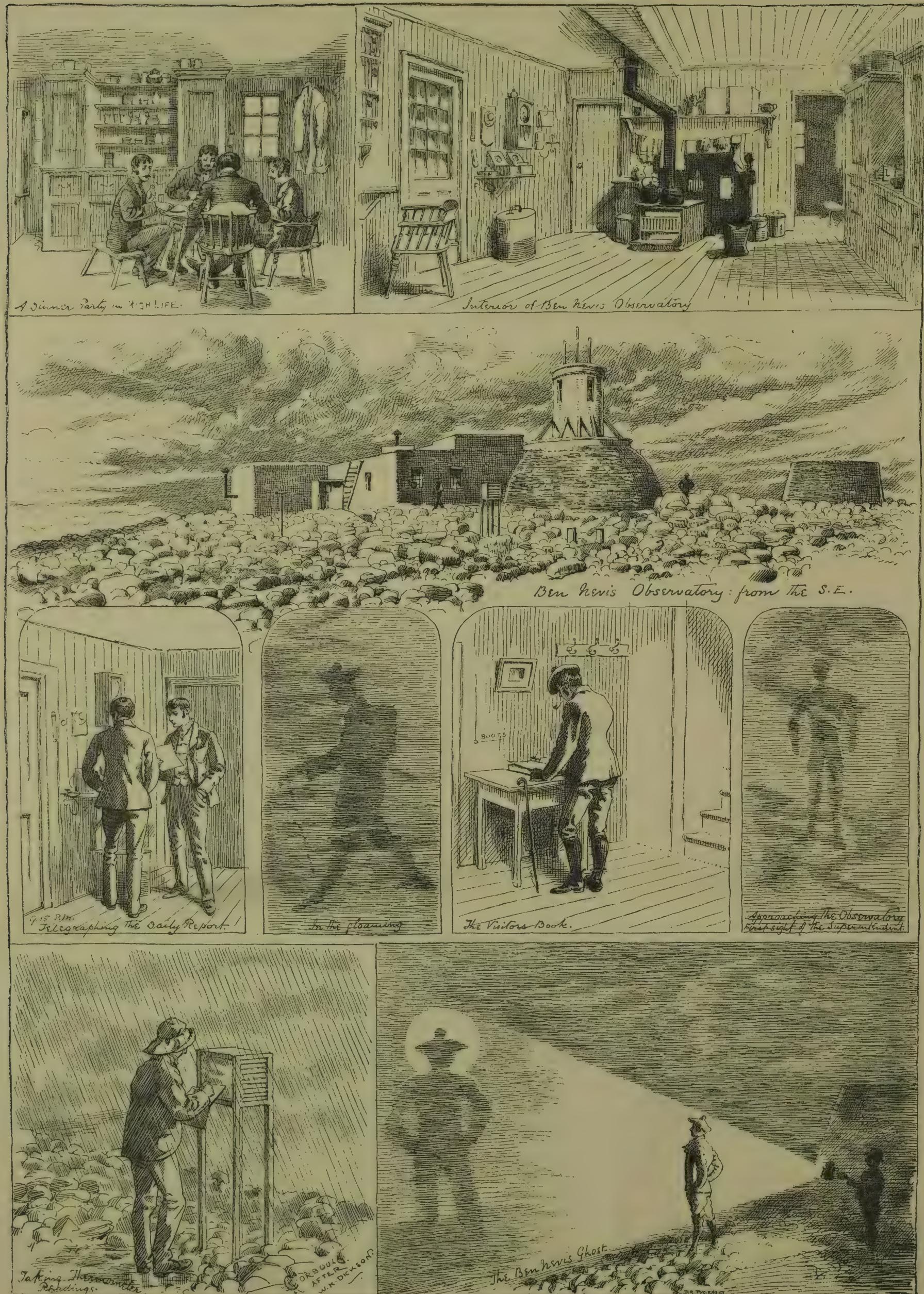
criticism has pressed its conclusions and deductions, in the desire to give full weight to the predecessors of Greece—Egypt, Phoenicia, and Assyria—the fashion has grown to represent the Greek artist as a mere skilful borrower and adapter of time-worn ideas. It is to check this unreasonable generalisation that comparative archaeology steps in; and it is here, also, that M. Wagnon's work is so valuable—especially in all that relates to the influence of Egypt. By the skilful juxtaposition of superficial similarities he brings out essential differences, and by carefully collating what is analogous he makes clear the inherent disparity which at first sight escaped and subsequently startled the student. Within the limits of our space, we cannot follow M. Wagnon in detail, as he carefully analyses and compares such works of art as the Apollo of Tenea, the Scribe of the Louvre, the Selinus Metopes, the Assos relief; always arriving at the same result—the recognition of divergent aims; in the Egyptian, that of photographic reality; in the Greek, that of truthful ideality. The Egyptian is content to indicate by symbols what the Greek will only express by actuality: the former is satisfied with the surface, and contemplates placidly the outside show; the latter must get behind and within, must see the cause and express its connection with the aim in view. The two nations stand apart—the watchword of the one was repose and death, of the other activity and life; but without the example of Egyptian patience, it is possible that the eager Greeks may have lost heart in attempting to cope with the difficulties of early technique.

There is no doubt that in many lives there are periods which are so monotonous and devoid of interest that the dismissal of a portion of time with no record is desirable; and the dividing a story into parts relieves the author of the necessity of chronicling that which could interest no one. *Anthony Fairfax*: A Novel in three parts (Bentley), possesses as hero a man with such a life as would be pronounced at once monotonous throughout, and unadvisable for selection as a hero's; but treated by the author with ability, the delineation of *Anthony Fairfax's* character may be accurately described as a finished study in grey. This study is harmonious in design and in detail—everything blends with the life of the man paralysed so mischievously by the action and falsehood of another—that other, however, only a far-away vision in the story. *Anthony Fairfax*, although not possessing a fine or an ideal character, has some redeeming qualities; but he is morbid, and, had the opportune relative (who is usually so singularly absent in real life) not left him with means and property, he would in all probability have vegetated for a very brief period indeed and—died. Battling against the stream would have been an impossibility with him. Some readers will no doubt think that, with the disposition Helen possessed, the perilous position of her fiancé would have roused her imagination, and that the romance of upholding the character of the maligned man, and siding with him against the gossip of the petty neighbourhood, would have effectually enlisted her sympathy; and her defection is decidedly a disappointment. On the other hand, it has to be taken into consideration that she was hardly in love, and the discovery of the deception, or rather the want of confidence, on *Anthony's* part, tried her cruelly. *Bea's* fine character is well and happily conceived, and the author works up to the full development of it with success. *Bob, Joe, and Lizzie* are necessary nonentities, and the other dramatic persons are not of much account. To give the crisis and end of the novel would be to deprive the reader of some pleasurable excitement; suffice it, therefore, to say that there is a sound of wedding bells in the final chapter.

It is scarcely too much to say that no more charming volume has appeared in the "Golden Treasury Series" than *Lyrical Poems by Alfred Lord Tennyson, selected and annotated by Francis T. Palgrave* (Macmillan and Co.). The most musical poet of our day is also the wealthiest in poetic thought. He is emphatically a singer, and his lyrical notes are among the sweetest this century has produced. Happily, for the most part, his voice is as clear as it is sweet. Tennyson can be profound, but he is rarely obscure. At the same time, while dear to the general reader, he is doubly dear to the poetical student, not only for what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call his "criticism of life," but for his profound mastery of metre and subtle use of language. It is sometimes asked, rather foolishly perhaps, whether Lord Tennyson is a great poet? If poetical greatness consists solely in producing a noble tragedy like "Macbeth," or a majestic epic like "Paradise Lost," then our Laureate has no claim to the title; but the temple of poetic fame is reached by many roads; and the man who has written lyrics that already live in thousands of hearts, and promise to retain a lasting place in literature, must be, in the best sense of the term, a great poet. Of all modern singers, with the exception perhaps of Coleridge, Lord Tennyson is the most genuinely poetical. There is no prosaic clement in his work; there are none of those barren wastes across which, at times, Wordsworth perversely makes his readers travel. This little volume, edited with great judgment by Mr. Palgrave, contains, no doubt, some of Lord Tennyson's rarest work. Every page is "worthy the reading"; and familiar though the poems may be, they are none the less acceptable in this choice and portable form. That we should miss some favourite pieces in a selection like this is inevitable, but it is assuredly as satisfactory as a selection can be; and we doubt not, to quote the editor's words, that it will "amply and delightfully fulfil its proper function."

Quality and not quantity is what we ask for from the poet, and some of the loveliest poems in the language are also among the briefest. Here are two tiny volumes that deserve a word of praise from the critic and recognition by the public: *An Irish Garland*, by Mrs. Piatt, and *The Children Out of Doors*, a book of verses, by Two in One House (Douglas). The first book, as the title implies, is the work of one writer; in the second Mr. Piatt joins his voice of song to that of his wife. The little poems, for they are all short, are for the most part suggested by sympathy with the poor; but the subject is daintily handled, and there is in some of the lyrics a freshness and sweetness that will win the reader's heart. Mrs. Piatt has been so unfortunate as to receive exaggerated praise from the American press, but that she has cultivated her small plot of verse-land with success may be readily admitted. Tenderness and pathos are evident throughout, and in the dealing with child-life there is alike simplicity and quaint humour. "A Child's Conclusion" might have been written by Mr. George Macdonald. We may add that the "Children Out of Doors," the most thoughtful and significant poem, perhaps, in the volume with that title, is apparently the work of Mr. Piatt. A lyric called "Ruth (for a picture)" is very charming and would be more so perhaps if the subject did not recall the lovelier stanzas written by Thomas Hood.

"Manon," the words by MM. Meilhac and Gille, the music composed by J. Massenet (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), is a handy and inexpensive edition of the English version of the opera produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Liverpool last January, and again at Drury-Lane Theatre on May 9, as noticed by us. The English text has been adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett.



SKETCHES AT THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.



THE CONGO FREE STATE.

A man who has done a great thing, if he has done it himself, may some day be called a great man. The American newspaper traveller and special correspondent, who came to London in 1874 from the shores of Lake Tanganyika, where he had found the lost hero of African exploration, Dr. Livingstone, has achieved something great since then. In 1876 he went out as chief of the expedition provided jointly by the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*, and crossed the unknown interior from east to west. Passing round the Lakes, he followed the Lualaba, a river discovered by Livingstone, till he found it to be the Congo, when he descended that river sixteen hundred miles, and reached the Atlantic coast. He returned to Europe in January, 1878, and published his discoveries, which incited a number of influential persons, under the presidency of King Leopold II. of Belgium, to form an association for opening the Congo to civilisation. Mr. Stanley went out again, in 1879, as manager of this undertaking, and returned last Midsummer, having in five years performed a vast amount of real administrative work. He had been employed in founding a commercial colony, with stations at the most important points, far up the great river, and in negotiating successfully with the various native tribes. The solidity of the results he has obtained, and the value of the prospects he has opened to European enterprise, are now attested by the deliberations of the International Conference held at Berlin, under Prince Bismarck's presidency, from November to February last. They are confirmed by the Treaty for regulating the freedom of trade, the rules of navigation, the prohibition of the slave trade, and the political neutrality of the basin of the Congo; while a newly-created Free State, with precisely defined frontiers, under the flag of the International Association of the Congo, is recognised by European diplomacy. This is as much the creation of Mr. Stanley's individual genius and energy as that of the Spanish West Indies was the work, individually, of Christopher Columbus, apart from the unique character of the maritime discovery of America with regard to the ancient position of geographical science.

Mr. Stanley's experiences and performances since 1879 are related in his new book, "The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State," two volumes published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., which are of extraordinary interest as "A Story of Work and Exploration." It is not at all a bragging narrative; and he passes over, with a very slight allusion, the course of his earlier travels and adventures, his search for Livingstone, and his journey from the Lake Region of East Africa to the west coast, with the surprising additions that it made to our geographical knowledge. Mr. Stanley's mind during the past five or six years, seems to have been turned wholly towards the practical realisation of his noble design for the benefit of mankind, by forming peaceful settlements of trade and cultivation in the vast region of the Congo and its tributaries. He is no longer young, and he is devoting, probably, the remainder of his active life and strength to this great and good work.

The narrative and descriptive portions of this book are even more interesting than those which the author had previously given us; because our sympathies are engaged by the efforts he makes to gain, in a fair and peaceable manner, convenient sites for his stations, and to construct proper buildings, to collect stores, and to make roads of communication, instead of merely travelling and exploring. The first station, at Vivi, about a hundred and ten miles from Banana Point at the mouth of the Congo, and some thirty or forty miles above Boma, the head of ordinary commercial navigation, was founded towards the close of the year 1879. Isangila, the next station, at the foot of the lower rapids, is fifty-two miles higher up. The navigation of the river above Isangila for eighty-eight miles, to Manyanga, was found practicable when Mr. Stanley had carried his steel steam-boats overland past the lower falls. It is again interrupted, between Manyanga and Leopoldville, by the upper falls or rapids. Leopoldville, the capital of the new Congo Free State, is just below Stanley Pool, a lake which may be considered to mark the division of the Upper and Lower Congo. The opposite shore of the lake and right bank of the river at Manyanga, and for several hundred miles above this point, belong to the French territory which was occupied by M. De Brazza, and which has been formally recognised as under the dominion of France. The left bank of the Congo, which is the south bank in its lower course and the west bank higher up, according to the great middle bend of the river northward, is assigned to the Free State, with a vast extent of the interior of Central Africa, reaching eastward to Lake Tanganyika, and to eight degrees north of the Equator. The river is navigable for a thousand miles above Leopoldville, as far as Stanley Falls, where the expedition arrived in November, 1883, and formed the remotest station yet created. This was left, at Mr. Stanley's return, in charge of a most worthy Scotchman, Mr. Binnie, whose death we regret to see mentioned in the latest news from Africa. Between Leopoldville and Stanley Falls, of course, there are several important stations; one of these is Bolobo, which was visited by Mr. H. H. Johnston in March, 1883, and is described in his book, "The River Congo," published last year. So far up the mighty river, we have now a tolerably complete and accurate knowledge of the localities and of the various native tribes, of the scenery, the climate, the natural history, botany, and zoology,

and of the facilities for trade and for missionary efforts. Above Stanley Falls, it traverses a very different region, which appertains rather to East Central Africa; and Nyangwe, a notable resort of Arab slave-traders from the eastern coast, Lake Moeru and Lake Bangweolo, and the Lualaba, Luapula, and Chambezi, names of the great stream in its upper parts, are familiar to the student of Livingstone's and Cameron's explorations. For the present, however, Mr. Stanley's colonising labours are limited to a reach of about fifteen hundred miles, ascending the river from the west or Atlantic seacoast, the entire length of the river being three thousand miles. He has established a thriving station at the Equator, 412 miles above Leopoldville and 757 miles from the sea. The reader of these volumes will learn how the work was done, and cannot fail to admire Mr. Stanley's courage, address, perseverance, and skilful management, and cordially to approve of his wise, fair, and friendly dealings with the natives. General Gordon himself, if he had been spared to take up this mission, could scarcely have done better; and Mr. Stanley was as much at home on the Congo as ever General Gordon was on the Nile.

We feel no doubt that English trade will benefit largely by the opening of the Congo, but we are particularly anxious that the Congo Free State, and the International Association, should obtain ample financial prosperity. For in the event of its ever being compelled, by pecuniary difficulties, to part with its territory, the French Government would have a right of pre-emption; and that the Congo, with the whole interior of Central Africa, should fall under French sovereignty would be a great political misfortune to Great Britain. The best way to prevent that is by English capitalists subscribing liberally to assist the Free State in constructing about one hundred and fifty miles of railway, to get past the Lower Falls or Rapids, between Isangila and Stanley Pool. We believe that this work can easily be done, at a moderate cost, and that it will be a very paying concern. "They will obtain," says Mr. Stanley, "as much produce as such a railway can convey, from their trading agents on the Upper Congo, who will collect it from over a million native Africans, who are waiting to be told what further produce is needed beyond ivory, palm oil, palm kernels, ground nuts, gum copal, orchilla weed, camwood, cola nuts, gum tragacanth, myrrh, frankincense, furs, skins, hides, feathers, copper, indiarubber, fibre of grasses, beeswax, bark cloth, nutmeg, ginger, castor oil, nuts, &c." If Englishmen do not see that it is worth while to contribute to open up this trade of the Congo, with a free entrance and free market for all our manufactures, England deserves to be left behind in the world's race for commercial advantage.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

The bond of intimate friendship between two young ladies is never completed without an innocent secret, which may not always, though it often may, relate to some person of the other sex. It is different with men, whose most affectionate and frank regard for each other does not usually prompt them, except for the sake of special counsel and help, to desire any particular communication of merely personal affairs, unless the circumstances be such as to involve a serious obligation and responsibility for action. A brother would scarcely feel himself slighted by discovering, for instance, that his brother intends to marry, the convenient time having arrived, somebody to whom he may have been privately engaged for years past, but whom the family have not known; he never saw her, perhaps never heard of her, but his brother did not want his advice, and why should he have spoken of his attachment to her? Sisters, however, and girls who choose to regard one another in a sisterly way, expect these delicate revelations as an indispensable proof of trustful tenderness; and, so long as they are truly preserved and cherished with considerate sympathy, they may afford mutual support in the changing moods of daily life. We hope that it will be so with the gentle pair whom our Artist has drawn sitting together in the garden, and perusing what seems to be a love-letter, the writer of which, whoever he may be, has also sent his photograph, which one of the ladies holds in her hand. From their different complexions, they do not appear to be sisters; but they may possibly be cousins, like Rosalind and Celia; and one of them may have said to the other, a thousand times already, "O coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!"

"A Patriotic Hymn," for chorus and orchestra, by Antonin Dvorak (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). This work has just been published, in a cheap and handy form, with the English text adapted by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, and an arrangement of the orchestral accompaniments for the pianoforte by Heinrich Von Kaan. Of the merits of the composition we have spoken in our notice of its first performance at St. James's Hall.

A memorial brass, by Mr. James Forsyth, has been placed in Prestwich church, containing the following inscription: "In loving memory of Henry Mildred Birch, B.D., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master of Eton College. For thirty-two years Rector of this parish, Canon Residentiary of Ripon Cathedral, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain and some time Tutor to his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Born Jan. 12, 1830; died June 29, 1884."

THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

Nearly two years ago, on July 14, 1883, we gave some Illustrations of the Meteorological Observatory established on the summit of Ben Nevis, 4406 ft. above the sea-level, by Mr. Clement Wragge, acting for the Scottish Meteorological Society, of which the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is president. Mr. Wragge's perseverance and fortitude are greatly to be admired; during three years, through the summer and autumn, regularly four times a week, and on many days in the winter, he went up to the top of the mountain, the highest in the British Isles, to make a valuable series of atmospheric observations, which were combined with those made simultaneously at Fort William and at intermediate stations. He could ride up about halfway, as far as the Loch or Tarn, the elevation of which is 1840 ft., and sometimes to Brown's Well, which lies at the height of 2000 ft. The remaining part of the ascent, being extremely steep and encumbered with loose stones, is very toilsome at all seasons; and in winter and spring, till the month of May, it is covered with frozen snow, which often lies 5 ft. deep, and 30 ft. deep in the hollows. On many days of the year, cold biting winds, drenching or drizzling rains, or thick cloud-fogs, annoy the hardy adventurers who mounts to these exposed altitudes, where the air, when not frosty, was often saturated with a chilly moisture, so that it was difficult to keep the instruments in a fit condition, and even to write legible records. In spite of these unfavourable circumstances, Mr. Wragge and Mr. William Whyte, who took charge of the Observatory for some time, aided by competent assistants, obtained correct daily readings of the thermometer, barometers, clockwork hygrometer, dry bulb thermometer, and radiation thermometer, as well as the rain-gauges, the ozone tests, the apparatus for testing the actinism of solar light, and for the direction and force of the winds, and for the state of the clouds. The spectroscopic observations of the rain-band were also taken and noted. A hut, rudely built of piled stones, with a tarpaulin roof and wooden door, was erected for the keeping of these instruments, and to shelter the men in the intervals of outdoor work. The daily course of observations, most of which were repeated five times at intervals of half an hour, used to occupy more than two hours, besides writing and putting the instruments in order. Since we published our former Illustrations, funds were subscribed for building and furnishing a more convenient Observatory, which was completed in time for last year's work; there is now tolerable accommodation for the director and his staff, by whom hourly observations have been taken day and night. Detailed reports of all these observations are regularly made up, and a condensed account of the day's work is telegraphed every evening to the Press Association.

During last summer considerable additions were made to the Observatory buildings. A new sitting-room has been built, also two new bed-rooms, a tourists' shelter, and a tower 30 ft. high, which serves the double purpose of carrying anemometers and preventing the observers from being snowed up, as they were in the winter before last. The tourists' shelter will add materially to the comfort of the staff; who, with every desire to show courtesy and hospitality to strangers, must have their patience a little taxed by the great number of tourists who ascend Ben Nevis in summer weather.

One of the Illustrations we now present is a View of the Observatory in its present condition, with the outdoor instruments in the foreground. The interior of the building is shown in another Illustration, and there is one of the telegraph, with the dispatch of the daily report at 9.15 p.m. Two of the other Sketches need no explanation—namely, a visitor writing his name in the visitors' book, and a snug "dinner party in high life," enjoying the social amenities of that meal in a position far more exalted than that of any fashionable and aristocratic dinner-table in London.

The top of Ben Nevis is haunted, like the Brocken in the Hartz mountain region of Germany, by two inoffensive ghosts, who are affectionately known as "Penny Plain" and "Two-pence Coloured." The latter is a distinguished ghost, one of the "spectre" order; indeed, he is a brother of the famous Brocken Spectre. He only appears on rare occasions. On a sunshiny day, when the mountain-top is clear, and there is a bank of fog lying under the great northern precipice, a spectator standing on the edge of the precipice can see his own shadow, enormously magnified, on the fog, with a rainbow-coloured "glory" round his head. "Penny Plain" is a more unpretending ghost; he may be "raised" any night with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern, but his head is surrounded by a white "glory." These apparitions, which are diverting to the novice, are shown in two of our Artist's Sketches.

The Council of the Society of Arts have, with the approval of the President, the Prince of Wales, awarded the Albert Medal to Henry Doulton, "in recognition of the impulse given by him to artistic pottery in this country."

A Bluebook, containing a summary of accidents and casualties which have been reported to the Board of Trade as having occurred upon railways in the United Kingdom during the three months ending March 31, 1885, has been issued, from which it appears that the accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, &c., caused the death—of nine persons, and injury to 106.

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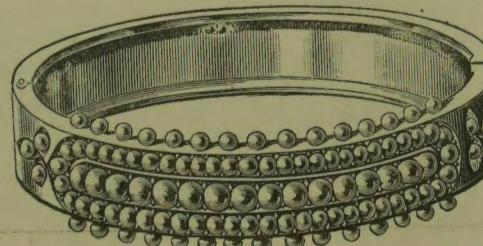
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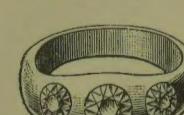
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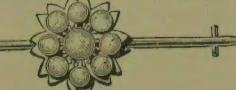
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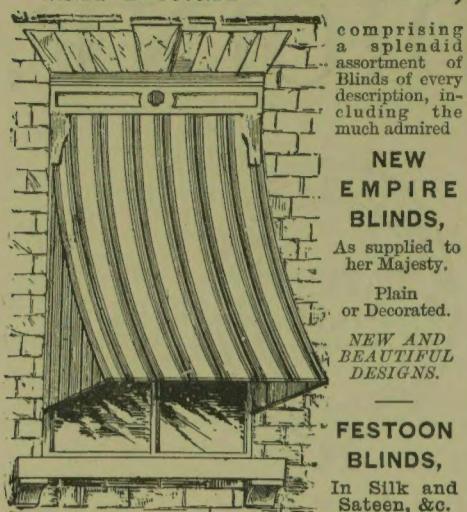
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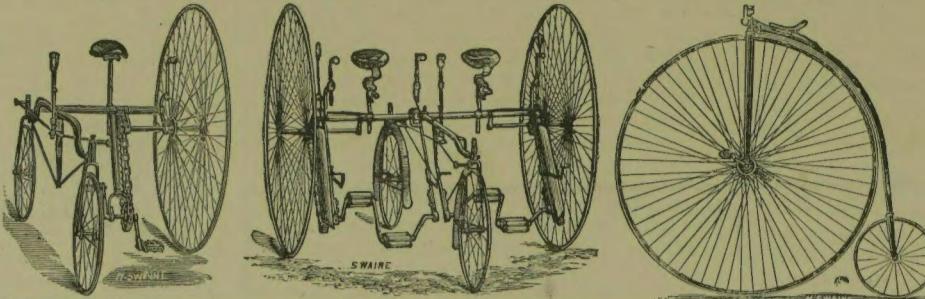


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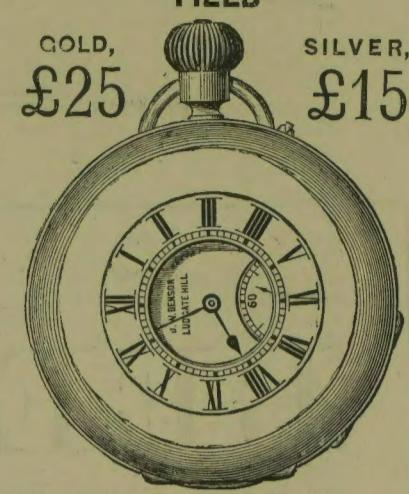
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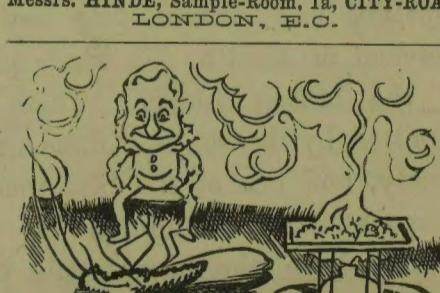
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